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THE PERSONAL SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME I

Shakespeare, William

THE PERSONAL SHAKESPEARE

INTRODUCTION BY
ESTHER WOOD

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY BY
GOLDWIN SMITH

COMPLETE IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES
VOLUME I.

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST
THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

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INTRODUCTION

I { LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST
  { THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
  { TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

ONE name alone in art and history is linked with the Scriptures of the Western world. The Bible and Shakespeare stand to us as the summing up of the sacred and profane learning of two thousand years. The greatest Pagan of the Renaissance has taken his place at the head of European literature, second only to the Book of Books which Puritanism brought home to the English people.

For the years at the zenith of Shakespeare's genius gave us also the "Authorised Version" as we know it, with its poetic and sonorous cadences, its limpid and virile diction, and the incomparable majesty of its rhythm, to which we still turn as to the "well of English undefiled." However great may have been his share in the perfecting of our language, he at least found a plastic and responsive vehicle ready to hand. The new learning was pouring itself into Elizabethan England, quickening every channel of feeling and thought. The Pilgrim scholar was afoot: his staff and scrip had the glamour of a knowledge for which the intellectual world was all athirst. The drama that had

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grown up within the church in miracle and mystery plays had broken bounds; art—if that be the utterance of joy in life, or the joy of speech about life, analysing and upbuilding it—was finding fresh voices; strolling players passed through the towns and villages with cunning mimes and drolls. It was to this mighty stimulus from neighbouring lands, beginning in Italy, but spreading no less potently across the continent, that the ripe heart of England gave back Shakespeare. Amid the many-sided genius of the Renaissance, he stands forth, not as an isolated prodigy, but the supreme type of scholar and artist; not affecting faultless erudition, but achieving culture of the sincere and vital kind. He was hardly even an original thinker, or in any sense a unique philosopher or moralist; but his power to interpret, transfuse, and co-ordinate all manner of poetic material seemed, in the intellectual field, to turn almost everything he touched to gold. Nor was it only literary material that inspired him, but chiefly the living world-stuff around him, to which his attitude was ever human, responsible, and alert, as of the man who lived hard, worked hard, and played hard, and whose spiritual illumination came, not through study and solitude, but through intense and passionate life. He combined the Teutonic grasp of actualities with the imaginative gleam of Celtic romance. He had the immense practical efficiency of the Renaissance craftsman, perfecting his craftsmanship at every step of his adventurous youth, his stormy prime, his mellow and sagacious closing years.

"A good poet's made as well as born," said

Shakespeare's contemporary and friend, Ben Jonson. And in these first dramas — *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*—we see both poet and playwright in the making. *Love's Labour's Lost*, the first play that can be attributed to him in its entirety, is the only instance (setting aside the historical plays, which bring their plot with them) of his inventing a plot of his own, instead of gathering up, as was his wont, the threads of some already woven story from the classics or from mediæval romance. But the comedy has in this case a distinct historical basis. It is what we should now call a topical play founded on certain incidents and personalities familiar to Londoners at the time, and relying for its success on popular sympathy with the King of Navarre's party in the French civil war. King Henry is, indeed, a sort of first study for that great series of historical portraits for which the English Plantagenets yielded such effective models. His presentation of this king is a slight sketch rather than a finished drawing, but the character of Marshal Biron is much more fully portrayed. Both he and the second lord, Longaville, bear the actual names of the two most ardent supporters of King Henry against the king of France; and the name of the third lord, Dumain, is an obviously Anglicised version of "De Mayenne" or "Maine," identified with a no less prominent personage, though not a partisan of Navarre. To the English, when Queen Elizabeth undertook to aid his cause with her own troops, Marshal Biron was the best-known leader in the field, and the English

contingent usually served under him. "In this army" (wrote one of these), "we have not one friend but only Marshal Biron, whom we find very respective to Her Majesty, and loving to her people." When this war ended, in 1589, by the assassination of the French king and the assumption of the throne by Henry of Navarre, Biron found himself a popular hero, and was received in England by Elizabeth some years later (says a French historian) "with great favour; in her eyes he was the man whose military genius had contributed most to the king's success." On the whole, the character of Biron seems to be the most true to life, as well as the most dramatically effective, in the play. "One need not always take him seriously," said the king, "with his rhodomontades, his vanities, and his boastful ways." That he was a person to be reckoned with, however, is clear from the frequency with which he is introduced in contemporary drama: Chapman, indeed, made two plays dealing with his career. Mothe, too, who appears as Moth, page to Armado, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, is a favourite figure with other playwrights; he was a French ambassador very popular in London some years before. Shakespeare probably never saw him, but must have heard first-hand accounts from members of his circle. Armado himself, the "fantastical Spaniard," is a caricature of an eccentric exile, Monarcho, who, for many years, hung about the English court.

Around these characters Shakespeare weaves a tissue of incidents partly fanciful, partly historical, partly reminiscent of episodes fresh in the minds

of playgoers of 1590 and the succeeding years. Invention supplied the main theme on which the action turns; namely, that the king and his courtiers have resolved to make Navarre "the wonder of the world,"—"a little Academy," where, for three years, they shall cultivate the ascetic life apart from "the world's desires"; vowed "not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep." The idea may have been suggested by the discipline of the mediæval "courts of love," which flourished especially in that part of Provence; and it finds a ready parallel in Tennyson's *Princess*, inasmuch as both stories satirise the rebellion of the idealist against the ordinary conditions of life, and show the failure of such mistaken discipline as "makes war against the affections," and abjures that interdependence of sex which Renan has called "the greatest educational factor known to humanity."

The king's resolve breaks down before the embassy of state that brings the French Princess and her three ladies, whose beauty provokes the devotees to forsake their cult and "win the girls of France." An attempt had actually been made in 1586 to reconcile the reigning king and Henry of Navarre by the mediation of a Princess of France—Catherine de Medici—who had virtually ruled France for thirty years as regent to a son decrepit in body and mind, who figures as her father in the play. She took with her a bevy of fair ladies from her court to captivate Prince Henry, "knowing his inclinations to gallantry," as the record says. It should also be noted that a translation by Johnes of Monstrelet's chronicle

contains the story of an old dispute between the reigning kings at the beginning of the previous century, which ended in a settlement similar to that in the play. Further, the scene in Act V., Sc. 2, in which the princess's lovers urge their suit in the disguise of Russians, is founded on an incident at the Elizabethan Court in 1582, when a deputation of Russian nobles came to England to choose a wife for the Tsar, request being made for a kinswoman of the queen. At last, Elizabeth suggested Lady Mary Hastings, a daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, as a possible bride, and in May, 1583, arranged a fête in her honour at York House, which should give the ambassadors the opportunity of pressing their suit. The lady received them with much ceremony, in a pavilion built for the occasion in the grounds, but the Russians (according to the scant records available) made themselves so ridiculous that they were literally "laughed out of court." In this and other scenes in which Armado plays a prominent part, Shakespeare takes occasion to satirise the fashionable mode of speech and writing known as Euphuism, from the *Euphues* of John Lyly—a romance which consummated a highly florid and fanciful literary style—modelled, some say, "on the decadence of Italian prose." But not so easily can the wide and stimulating influence of Euphuism be set aside, or its fascination resolved by an epigram into the decadence of a literature other than its own. At its worst, it was but toying with language; at best, it was the sedulous exercise of writers who felt a new and mighty instrument growing in power beneath their pens; so that their

practice had its moments of fatuity, of tedium, like the humours of a *virtuoso* at play. And, to the student, an unfailing charm of Shakespeare's earliest comedy is its continual passing and returning from play to exercise, from unconscious imitation to deliberate satire; abounding in the verbal conceits, puns, antitheses, and rhetorical flourishes of the happy novice trying his powers, but throughout betraying an undertone of mockery which has led some to read the whole play as "a satirical extravaganza upon contemporary fashions and foibles in manners, literature, and speech." But Shakespeare had, from the first, this power—which Nietzsche claims as the mark of a great man—to get, as it were, above his own personality and laugh at himself without petulance or shame. And his debt to Lyly was part of his debt to the whole group of dramatists and poets at work before him and beside him, moulding and enriching the language of which he was to make so noble a use. From Lyly, he learnt especially the dramatic value of classic and fairy mythology, which he developed so effectively in *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* the device of masculine disguise for love-sick maids, used for the first of many times in *Two Gentlemen of Verona;* and the introduction of songs into plays—an embellishment which has given us some of the most perfect lyrics in the English tongue. Comparisons not invidious may also be drawn between prominent characters in both playwrights (for Lyly wrote eight light comedies as well as poetry and romance)—such as between the watchmen in *Endymion* and Shakespeare's Dog-

berry and Verges. The advice of Polonius to Laërtes in *Hamlet* bears striking resemblance to a passage in *Euphues*. Armado, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, is called a man of "fire-new words, fashion's own knight"; "that hath a mint of phrazes in his brain"; "one whom the music of his own vain tongue doth ravish like enchanting harmony"; and we cannot but liken him and his page to a similar pair in Lyly's *Endymion*—the boy Epiton and Sir Thopas, the "fat, vain-glorious knight"—and find in the latter a hint of the immortal Falstaff, of later birth. In Shakespeare's age, the question of plagiarism had not begun to trouble the author's life. Men borrowed openly and habitually from each other and from all available sources; half a dozen versions were made of every popular subject or fantasy; manuscripts were freely passed from hand to hand. There was no striving for originality; production was spontaneous and prolific; the joy of it lay in casting one's own achievement into the general stream, where the best things floated and became the glories of literature.

The date of *Love's Labour's Lost* can only be approximately fixed at 1589, in the light of the events which the comedy transfuses into a "civil war of wits." But it certainly had some years of popularity on the boards—as long, in fact, as public interest in the subject lasted. Shakespeare seems to have revised it considerably for a performance before the queen at Christmas, 1597, when she held her court at Whitehall. Described as "A Pleasant Conceited Comedy," it was printed and published in the following year,

"newly corrected and amended"—such amendments lying, probably, in the speeches of Biron, which show, for the most part, a much higher level of workmanship than the rest of the play. Its interest being, as we have seen, so largely topical, it suffers more through lapse of time than any other of Shakespeare's works; for its character-drawing is of the slightest (apart from Biron), its incidents, when historic, of a trivial kind, and its satire, provoked by a passing fashion, as pointless to the average reader as Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience* to those who knew not the esthetic movement travestied therein.

The date of the next play, *The Comedy of Errors*, is indicated by an allusion it contains to France as "armed and reverted, making war against her heir." This passage, at least, must have been written before 1589—before the triumph of Navarre. But the work may have remained unfinished until the year of its first performance, 1594, which also witnessed the first English translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, to which it bears some obvious resemblances. It was acted during the Christmas revels at Gray's Inn Hall, in 1594, amid a truly Elizabethan medley of burlesques, masks, processions, plays, and dances. About nine in the evening (writes one of the company), a party of students from the Inner Temple arrived "very gallantly appointed"; and, because there was not room for them among the guests, made a riotous uproar, which infected the whole company and continued after they had gone away in high dudgeon; "so that it was thought good not to offer anything of account save

dancing and revelling with gentlewomen; and, after such sports, a Comedy of Errors like to Plautus, his Menechmus was played by the players; so that night was begun and continued to the end in nothing but confusion and errors, whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors." A judicial inquiry into the conduct of the rioters was held next day. The play itself is called *The Errors* in the chronicle of Francis Meres, in 1598, and also in the record of its performance by the King's Players, in 1604 and 1605, where it is attributed to "Shaxberd." It may have been partly founded on a play now lost, called *The Historie of Error*, which was acted at Hampton Court in 1576. With the story in Plautus, Shakespeare was doubtless familiar both in the original and in the translation, which was only circulated in manuscript in 1594 and printed in the following year. The shortest of all his dramas, it is his sole attempt to treat a whole play in the spirit of farce—such, rather than comedy, being the real nature of the work. It deals with the familiar theme of mistaken identity, turning upon the likeness of twins.

Two Gentlemen of Verona marks a distinct change from Shakespeare's earliest manner, and a growth in dramatic sensibility, delicacy, and perception of character. The style now rings with sincerity, the tricks of Euphuism, half-unconscious, half-deliberate before, are largely shaken off; the scenery and the nature-allusions are homely and actual—wholly English in fact, in spite of the foreign setting. The trammels of rhyme begin to be loosened; and blank verse—

introduced into dramatic dialogue by Sackville, Lord Dorset, in his tragedy of *Gorboduc*—shows for the first time its beauty of cadence, its disciplined sweetness, under Shakespeare's scrupulous hand. To cast away the restraints of rhyme is but to submit oneself to a higher and more exacting rule; and that Shakespeare polished and repolished his work the more finely in proportion as he used the statelier measure is evident from the fragments of successive versions which have come down to us through the earlier folios. *Two Gentlemen of Verona* seems to be founded on the story of the shepherdess Felismena in the Spanish prose pastoral, *Diana*, by George de Montemayor, which Shakespeare may have seen in the manuscript of Yonge's translation, not published till later, or in an earlier dramatic version entitled *Felix and Philomena*, acted at court in 1584. He may also have gathered some hints from Barnabe Rich's story *Apollonius and Silla*, from Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*, which he used again in *Twelfth Night* some years later. The contrast of temperament between Valentine and Proteus is the strongest piece of characterisation yet attempted by Shakespeare, and has been ably analysed by Mr. F. S. Boas in his admirable study of the plays. Proteus he describes as the type of man in whom culture has developed the sensibilities while relaxing the moral fibre. Self-pitying, melancholy, and introspective, he is incapable of great passion, but lets himself drift, and afterwards seeks to justify himself by sophistry—finally betraying the weakness of the sentimentalist in his wholly selfish passion for Silvia. Over against him is set the plain

solider nature of Valentine, blunt and simple even to obtuseness, but spurning a merely sentimental love. On the other side, we have the contrast between Julia and Silvia; for, in his earlier plays, Shakespeare follows rigorously the formal structure so flavoured in Renaissance art—the balance of contrasting pairs, the studied alternation of shade; and again, behind the dominant characters, we have the "comic relief" of Launce and Speed, the first of a long line of clowns and humourists, and peculiarly effective here in their relation to their respective masters—the fickleness of the cultured Proteus finding its mute condemnation in the faithfulness of his serving-man to his dog Crab. Unfortunately, the climax of the play presents us with difficulties only partly to be solved on the theory that it was abandoned by Shakespeare and afterwards finished by another hand. The last act is ill-considered and hastily done, and we feel that no dramatic exigency can justify its ethical confusion. The treachery of Proteus in forsaking Julia and forcing his attentions upon Silvia, who instinctively distrusts him, is discovered by Valentine; but the latter, after one quick burst of anger, is quickly melted by a show of penitence, and not only forgives and takes back his friend, but proceeds to hand over to him the girl he has grossly outraged and whom he (Valentine) himself loves. On the other hand, we feel that Julia's forgiveness of Proteus is much too easily won, and the character of Silvia—reasonable, high-minded, and resolute—makes the situation still more impossible; for, as Mr. Boas points out, she would be the very last woman to stand passively by and

lend herself to this summary disposal of her person and life. If this is, indeed, what Shakespeare intended, it implies nothing less than his acceptance of the Greek ideal of friendship between two men as a higher and more sacred thing than the love of man and woman. This hypothesis certainly finds some support in the *Sonnets*, where the lover is described as yielding his mistress to his friend, and finding, in that friendship, the reward of his sacrifice. But a just criticism of the *Sonnets* must take into account the largely fanciful manner in which they are written, forbidding a literal interpretation of the incidents or moods with which they deal. And even granting to Shakespeare this conception of the duty owed to a friend —a sacrifice universally regarded as the last act of self-abnegation—the transaction in the play before us stands self-condemned by the assumption that the feelings of the women are a negligible factor in the case. This fact alone removes the scene from all comparison with those modern dramas, culminating in Maeterlinck, which have dealt nobly and seriously with the problem of a triple love.

ESTHER WOOD.

SHAKESPEARE: THE MAN

SHAKESPEARE: THE MAN

Such materials as there are for Shakespeare's personal history, or for the history of any one connected with him, have been gathered with the most loving and persevering industry. Unhappily, they amount to very little. Entries in municipal records, names in a will, a lease, or an inventory, tell hardly anything of the life or character of the man. That orange has now been squeezed dry.

It would seem better worth while to consider under what general influences—social, political, and religious—the life was passed.

Shakespeare was a poet of the Renaissance and of the Elizabethan era. Of the Renaissance, with its passion for beauty and art, its joyous release from asceticism, and not only from asceticism, but from strict morality, its tendency to scepticism in religion; of the Elizabethan era with its springtide of national life, its heroic struggle against the powers of the past, its love of adventure, its galaxy of active and aspiring spirits in every sphere.

Born in 1564, he would by 1580 be observant and open to impression. Between 1580 and his death there are thirty-six years full of momentous events: the struggle with Spain; the proclamation of the Papal curse against England in her Queen; the Armada; the conflict in France between the League and the Huguenots; the insurrection and tragic end of Essex; the death of

Elizabeth; the accession of James; the union of the crowns; the Gunpowder Plot; the opening of the contest between the Stuart King and his Parliament; the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine; the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. During the last two decades, the scene had been changing. Tudor monarchy and the Renaissance had been passing away, Puritanism had developed its force, and the struggle between a Puritan Parliament and the Crown for supreme power had begun.

Surroundings must tell, and, in the work even of the most dramatic of dramatists, the man can hardly fail sometimes to appear. There are things which strike us as said for their own sake more than because they fit the particular character; things which seem said with special feeling and emphasis; things which connect themselves naturally with the writer's personal history. There are things which could not be written, even dramatically, by one to whose beliefs and sentiments they were repugnant. Any knowledge which is displayed must, of course, be the writer's own; so must any proofs of insight, social or of other kinds. Inference as to the writer's character from such passages are precarious, no doubt; yet they may not be altogether futile. Thoroughly dramatic as was the genius of Æschylus and Sophocles, we do not doubt that the character of each, as depicted by Aristophanes in *The Frogs*, is shown. In Corneille and Racine, we see little beyond the full-bottomed wig; but, in Molière, character, sympathies, and antipathies appear.

It must be remembered that Shakespeare had been a poet before he became a playwright.

Lorenzo.—How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon
this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
—*Merchant of Venice, V., ii.*

These lovely lines in *The Merchant of Venice* have no special connection with the characters of Lorenzo and Jessica or with the action. They are a poetic voluntary. Some things in Shakespeare transcend any stage, and would utterly transcend the stage of the Globe theatre. The *Midsummer-Night's Dream* is a supreme creation of aërial fancy, which no gross company of actors and actresses can ever worthily present. In *Hamlet* there is a philosophic poem. All actors fail in the leading part. The man who had the sensibility to feel the part would hardly have stage assurance to act it. The boyish and girlish passion of *Romeo and Juliet*, again, is poetry. No mature actor or actress could feel the passion or present it on the stage.

Ben Jonson says that Shakespeare had "small Latin and less Greek"; Milton says of him that he "warbled his native wood notes wild"; in other words, was not, like Ben Jonson, classically cultured. He had in fact received a common grammar-school education, and knew something

of Latin and the Latin poets; as in *Love's Labour's Lost* and elsewhere appears.

In Sonnet No. CIV.,

> Three winters' cold
> Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,

is probably a version of Horace's *Sylvis honorem decutit.* Shylock's injunction to Jessica recalls the injunction of Horace (*Odes, III.*, 7) to Asterie; and the description of the horse in *Venus and Adonis* is evidently suggested by a passage in the third *Georgic.* Of the "small Latin," there is abundant proof. Of the "less Greek," there is not a trace. Nothing can be less Hellenic than *Troilus and Cressida*, or *Timon of Athens.* French, Shakespeare evidently understood. He had read Rabelais—at least he mentions Gargantua. It can hardly be doubted that he understood Italian. But the knowledge which he had practically acquired and carried with him to Town was mainly that of country occupations, of horses and hounds, and of all the flowers upon the bank where the wild thyme grew. To this in Town, and, afterward, at Court, he added a thorough insight into the social world, which shows itself in the well-known advice of Polonius to Laertes, and other passages, such as the advice of Bertram's mother to Bertram in *All's Well that Ends Well,*—

> Love all, trust a few,
> Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
> Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
> Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
> But never tax'd for speech. —*I., i.*

The advice of Polonius to Laertes may be more certainly set down to the credit of Shakespeare

himself, because it really does not well suit the character of Polonius, who is generally represented as a pompous old fool. A manual of manners and social conduct might almost be gleaned out of Shakespeare; and Shakespeare's social teaching is not like that of Chesterfield; it has for its basis genuine qualities,—

> This above all,—To thine own self be true;
> And it must follow as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.
> —*Hamlet, I., iii.*

That Shakespeare had a cultivated taste for music, if he was not himself a musician, appears not only from his anathema upon the man who has no music in his soul—which would have borne hard on Dr. Johnson—but from passages such as the speech of the Duke in *Twelfth Night* and that, already mentioned, of Lorenzo in *The Merchant of Venice*. Fine music seems to have been Shakespeare's acme of enjoyment.

The attempts to make out that Shakespeare knew law come to nothing. Living in London, he no doubt mingled with Templars as well as with other people, and might easily pick up some phrases. There is no proof of anything more.

It is deemed by the biographers improbable that Shakespeare had travelled. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III., Scene i., the old reading is

> This Signior Julio's giant-dwarf,
> Dan Cupid.

For this has been conjecturally substituted by critics, who did not understand the allusion,

> This senior-junior, giant-dwarf,
> Dan Cupid,

which is nonsense.

Julio Romano, in a fresco in the Vatican, introduced the figure of Gradasso, "a giant-dwarf" of pigmy stature, but great muscular power, thus resembling Cupid in the combination of diminutiveness and might. To this fresco, Shakespeare evidently refers. Had he seen it? In the *Winter's Tale*, Act V., Scene ii., he expresses his admiration of Romano, though curiously enough, not as a painter, but as a sculptor—

> *Third Gentleman.*—No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape.

Shakespeare's pictures of Italian life seem to show familiarity with it, and his epithets, such as "old Verona," are opposite. Looseness about Italian geography, if it can be proved, would not be a strong argument on the other side. If an Englishman had travelled anywhere, in those days, it would probably have been in Italy.

In history, Shakespeare was not learned. He makes the Duke of Austria responsible for the death of Richard I. He follows the chroniclers blindly. On the other hand, he had a wonderful eye for historical character. He dresses his Romans in cloaks and hats; but his delineation of Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, and Mark Antony cannot be surpassed. "Speak; Cæsar is turned to

hear;" and "I rather tell thee what is to be feared, Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar."

He sometimes betrays what seems strange ignorance. He introduces artillery in the reign of John; gives Bohemia a seacoast; and introduces nunneries at Athens. But may not this rather be said to be simple disregard of the limitations of time and place? Athens in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* is not the classic city, but an Italian Duchy of which Theseus is the Duke. When the fashion of a spectacular representation of Shakespeare's plays was introduced, and the manager aimed at being strictly historical, some of the results were grotesque. In the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Lysander and Demetrius were represented as going to fight a duel—a thing wholly foreign to Hellenic ideas—with their Hellenic swords; and Theseus, in classic attire, threatened to put Hermia, also in classic attire, into a nunnery. In *Macbeth*, Shakespeare's idea of the Scotch monarchy, no doubt, was something magnificently royal, such as might tempt ambition. But the spectacular manager thought he was showing his fidelity to history by introducing the barbarous simplicity of primeval Scotland, and Macbeth was represented as climbing through regicide and crime to the dazzling elevation of a king enthroned on a wooden stool and banqueting on apples.

The mystery of Shakespeare's Sonnets will never be solved. What is certain is that the series is a product of the Renaissance, sometimes burning with intense and irregular passion. Morals of the Court of Elizabeth were loose, like those of other Courts of Europe at the time, the vestal virginity of the Queen notwithstanding. It seems

to be proved that the poet's marriage with Anne Hathaway took place not before it was necessary; that it was enforced, and that he afterward saw little of his wife and children for eleven years, so that he might write with feeling,

> War is no strife
> To the dark house and the detested wife.
> —*All's Well that Ends Well, II., iii.*

Prospero's injunction to Ferdinand in *The Tempest* is so strange and apparently gratuitous that we can hardly help regarding it as an outpouring of the poet's bitter experience:

> *Prospero.*—Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
> Worthily purchased, take my daughter: But
> If thou dost break her virgin knot before
> All sanctimonious ceremonies may
> With full and holy rite be ministerd,
> No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
> To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
> Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
> The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
> That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
> As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
> —*The Tempest, IV., i.*

All this considered, we have reason to be thankful for the essential soundness of Shakespeare's morality, especially with regard to marriage. There is not in him anything of the evil spirit of the Restoration drama. Matrimony with him is always holy, and, though attacks upon its sanctity form the subject of more than one of his plots, he carries it through them inviolate. There is no Don Juan among his heroes.

It must be owned that, in *Measure for Measure*, in some of the Falstaff scenes, and elsewhere, Shakespeare plays with certain subjects in a way suggestive of looseness in sexual morality. There is a curious passage in *Hamlet* (*II.*, *i.*), where Polonius seems to think "drabbing" would not disgrace his son, but that incontinence, by which appears to be meant illicit intercourse with other than courtesans, would. Opinion on these points has greatly advanced since Shakespeare, though governments still bow to supposed necessity.

Too often the poet stoops to obscenities. This is partly the vice of the Renaissance, which shows itself to an extreme extent in Rabelais. Partly, it is the mark of the ages before delicacy, which gave birth to Boccaccio. Partly, perhaps principally, it is a condescension to the tastes of the audience of the Globe theatre. From Hamlet's advice to the Players, we see that there was a great demand for buffoonery. Perhaps it would be charitable to surmise that Shakespeare sought to embrace the whole of human nature as it presented itself in his time. His obscenity is mere grossness; it is not provocative of lust. At worst, in him all is nature. He is never procurer to the lords of Hell. There is nothing in him so disgusting as the laborious filth offered by Massinger as a tribute to the taste of a vulgar audience in the comic scenes of *The Virgin Martyr*.

Shakespeare is said to have died of the effects of a drinking bout. But, if the tradition is true, the drinking bout was probably an exception, for he evidently abhors excess.

Horatio. Is it a custom?
Hamlet. Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
—*Hamlet, I., iv.*

He refers to the same national disgrace in *Othello*, Act II., Scene iii. In the same scene, we have—

Cassio.—Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Cassio.—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Cassio.—I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

"I will do anything, Nerissa," says Portia, "ere I will be married to a sponge."

Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.
—*As You Like It, II., iii*

What were Shakespeare's political sentiments? In his time, during the early part of it at least, everybody was royalist. Domestic dissensions were suspended by the struggle with Catholic powers, and the Queen was idolized as impersonating the national cause. Supremely royalist, of course, were the Lord Chamberlain's or the King's Players. In three plays probably, in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, in *Henry VIII.*, assuming the genuineness of the passage, and in *The Tempest*, the courtier is distinctly seen.

The *Midsummer-Night's Dream* was apparently performed at some Court marriage, and what marriage we cannot now tell, though the author of the excellent article on Shakespeare in the *Dictionary of National Biography* conjectures that it was either that of Lucy Harrington to Edward Russell, third Earl of Bedford, on December 12, 1594, or that of William Stanley, Earl of Derby, at Greenwich, on January 24, 1594–5. There cannot be a doubt that Elizabeth was present, and heard the well-known compliment to the "fair vestal thronèd by the West." But she also heard:

> "Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood
> To undergo such maiden pilgrimage.
> But earthlier happy is the rose distilled
> Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
> Grows, lives and dies, in single blessedness."
> —*Midsummer-Night's Dream, I., i.*

Was not this advice, most delicately given, to the fair vestal to marry, and thus fulfil the desire of all loyal and Protestant England?

The Tempest was acted before the Court when Frederick, Elector Palatine, afterward the luckless

King of Bohemia, came over to claim his bride, the Princess Elizabeth, darling of all Protestant hearts. It embodies a Masque, such as was fashionable at weddings, and which was perhaps performed, not by the Players, but by lords and ladies of the Court. There cannot be a doubt that these lines refer to England:

Iris.—Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads, thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns: and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air:
—*Tempest, IV., i.*

The turfy mountains with the nibbling sheep are evidently the downs; and the pole-clipt vineyards are most likely the hop-grounds.

The words of Ferdinand,

Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise—
—*Tempest, IV., i.*

would be very apt in the mouth of the young Elector who had come over to England to be married to James's daughter.

It would have been strange if the learned King James had not taken to himself the character of Prospero, "reputed in dignity, and for the liberal arts without a parallel"; or if he had not seen,

in the conspirators of different grades, the authors of the Gunpowder Plot and the enemies of prerogative in the House of Commons. He could not have failed to enjoy such satire on political agitation as—

Gonzalo.—I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, successions,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—
Sebastian.—And yet he would be king on't.
Antonio.—The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gonzalo.—All things in common, nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, nor need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foizon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people. —*Tempest, II., i.*

Raleigh, who was a courtier, even to a painful extent, in his *Prerogative of Parliaments* sums up a highly royalist history of the origin of the Great Charter by saying that it "had first an obscure birth from usurpation, and was secondly fostered and showed to the world by rebellion." Shakespeare, in *King John*, says not a word about the Great Charter, or anything connected with it. If the Barons quarrel with the King, it is not about political rights, but on account of the deposition and murder of Arthur. Even that crime is softened by reducing it to intention, Arthur's death being

represented as an accident. The submission to the Pope is managed in a way as little humiliating as possible. In the end, John is the national King, supported by English patriots against the French pretender and invader.

Of Henry VIII., though by no means the whole play is Shakespearian, it is pretty certain that the whole passed under Shakespeare's hand, and in it Henry is presented as an august, magnificent and apparently beneficent lord, without a suggestion of the tyrant.

We see, too, where the *Merry Wives of Windsor* was performed,

> *Mistress Quickly.*—About, about;
> Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
> Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
> That it may stand till the perpetual doom.
> In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
> Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
> The several chairs of order look you scour
> With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
> Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
> With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
> And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
> Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
> The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
> More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
> And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write,
> In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and white:
> Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
> Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
> Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
> —*Merry Wives of Windsor, V., v.*

The strong language about the divine character of royalty, and the indelibility of the coronation balm, put into the mouth of Richard II., is in character, and may be regarded as dramatic. On

the other hand, there are pretty strong expressions about the sacredness of royalty elsewhere.

To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed Kings,
And flourished after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't.
—*Winter's Tale, I., ii.*

And in *Macbeth*, Act II., Scene iii.:

MacDuff.—Confusion now hath made his masterpiece;
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

In *Macbeth*, Act IV., Scene iii., there is a passage which, if the poet is speaking, intimates his belief in touching for the King's Evil:

Doctor.—Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great array of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

On the other hand, a popular monarchy, such as James I.'s was not, but that of his son Henry might have been, is evidently Shakespeare's ideal. He shows it in the dialogue between Henry V. and the soldiers before the battle of Agincourt. His King, however exalted, is a man and not a fetich. "Though I speak it to you," Henry is made to say—

"I think, the king is but a man, as I am; the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element

shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army."

—*Henry V., IV., i.*

The dramatist understands that it was by a noble comradeship between King and soldier and the King's hold upon the soldier's heart that at Agincourt despair was turned into victory.

The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear.

—*Henry V., IV.*

The worthlessness of mere state is one of his commonplaces.

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is the soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.

—*Henry V., IV., i.*

Shakespeare, in his political and social sentiment, must have been conservative. We can scarcely doubt that it is he who speaks in *Troilus and Cressida* (I., iii.)—

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow actions,
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, preportion, season, form,
Office, and custom in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What ragings of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,

Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself.

The following passage, also against democracy, is in the mouth of Coriolanus dramatic, but it is also emphatic,—

No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness; purposes so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physick

That's sure of death without it—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.
—*Coriolanus, III., i.*

It should be remembered that revolution in its most terrible form, that of the risings of the Anabaptists on the continent, had not been very long laid in its grave.

Some passages are instinct with intense dislike of mobs and mob-rule. The words in *Coriolanus* are in character, but they are strong,—

I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
—*Coriolanus, II., i.*

So in *Julius Cæsar*, what follows is full of contempt for the folly and fickleness of the rabble:

Casca.—I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because

Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

—*Julius Cæsar, I., ii.*

"Stinking breaths," "chopped hands," and "sweaty nightcaps," are terms not only of aversion but of disgust.

The travesty of Cade's manifesto in *Henry VI.* is fresh at the present day, and used as ammunition by modern conservative writers and speakers.

Cade.—Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be)——

All.—God save your majesty!

Cade.—I thank you, good people!—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

—*King Henry VI., Part II., IV., ii.*

Demagogism is an object of dislike. "I love the people," says the Duke in *Measure for Measure*,

> But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
> Though it do well, I do not relish well
> Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement;
> Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
> That does affect it.
>
> —*Measure for Measure, I., i.*

At the same time, there are not wanting passages breathing a strong sense of the injustice and inequalities of society, such as a social radical might be glad to repeat.

A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine eyes: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? —*King Lear, IV., vi.*

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.
—*King Lear, III., iv.*

Gloster.—Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.
—*King Lear, IV., i.*

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour? and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd?
—*Merchant of Venice, II., ix.*

In a passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, there is a touch of sympathy for the castaway.

Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,

Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
—*Romeo and Juliet, V., i.*

With all his feeling for the glory of Henry V., Shakespeare shows his sense of the waste of lives in iniquitous wars.—

Captain.—Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Hamlet.—Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
Captain.—Yes, 'tis already garrisoned.
Hamlet.—Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.
—*Hamlet, IV., iv.*

There are passages expressive of a sympathy for the sufferings of animals which appears to be heart-felt.

Duke Senior.—Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools—
Being native burghers of this desert city—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.
First Lord.— Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp

Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

—*As You Like It, II., i.*

So the Princess in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV., Scene i.,—

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Of the passage in the second part of *Henry VI.* (III., i.), pathetically describing the calf driven to the slaughter-house of the butcher, and the dam wailing for her young one, perhaps no more can safely be said than that it passed under the hand of Shakespeare.

The language which passes between men and women in the plays is sometimes indelicate and such as at the present day would imply a low estimate of womanhood. But this is of the time. Queen Elizabeth was no paragon of delicacy either in manners or in language. That Shakespeare's estimate of womanhood was not low, he has shown by giving us a gallery of female characters ranging in variety, within female limits,

from Beatrice to Juliet or Hero; but all supreme in beauty and loveliness. There are bad women, of course, such as Regan, Goneril, and Lady Macbeth, though, in Lady Macbeth, with all her wickedness and masculine daring, there is nothing unqueenly. Brothel-keepers and abandoned women are a class apart, too familiar to Shakespeare, but not more familiar to him than to other writers and to people generally in that age. We appreciate Shakespeare's treatment of the female character more highly when we consider how unfavourable, in all probability, his experience had been.

Shakespeare lived long before the advent of the New Woman, and in a state of society when the weaker vessel was more dependent for protection on the stronger than it is now. But it would be difficult, whatever the state of society might be, to reconcile Shakespeare's view of the relation between husband and wife with that of John Stuart Mill or his female disciples. *The Taming of the Shrew* is broad farce, though perhaps not without a more serious undertone; and we may set down as dramatic the ultra-conjugal speech of the Shrew at the end of the play which she ends by putting her hand under her husband's foot; though there are some points in it which might deserve the attention of ladies who declaim against the tyranny of man, as if he had done nothing for woman. There is nothing farcical, however, in the words of Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*,—

> And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
> Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
> —*III., i.*

Or in those of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*,—

Portia.—You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish.
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something: which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn: and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn,
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

—*III., ii.*

The sanctity of the marriage tie, as was said before, is presented with the poet's full power.

Portia's success as an advocate cannot be pleaded as encouraging to ladies to enter the legal profession. It will be observed that she gets not only her garments but her notes from her cousin Doctor Bellario at Padua.

There is in *Love's Labour's Lost* a passage highly complimentary to the female intellect.

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academies,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study, too, the causer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
—*IV.*, *iii.*

Shakespeare's moral philosophy is sound, but tolerant and liberal. He seems to have suspected that the bounds between virtue and vice were less clear, and that characters were more mixed, than moralists commonly assumed. He sees "a soul of goodness in things evil." "The web of our life," he says, "is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues" (*All's Well that Ends Well*, *IV.*, *iii.*).

It has been remarked that there is not the slightest allusion to the grand struggle with Spain or to the Armada. The account of this may be that Shakespeare was a Court playwright, and that war with Spain was not, of all subjects, the most palatable to the Court. War with Spain was forced on Elizabeth; but her own leanings, probably, were rather Spanish; so, even more decidedly, were those of her successor. Spain was the Grand Monarchy, and the alliance had natural attractions for Princes, especially if their subjects were supposed to be

mutinous. Shakespeare, however, like a true dramatist, was unpolitical.

It was not from want of patriotism, at all events, that he makes no reference to the war with Spain and the Armada. English feeling in him is very strong.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war:
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

—*King Richard II., II., i.*

Shakespeare's heart evidently goes with Henry V. in his invasion of France, and swells with

patriotic pride as he recounts the battle of Agincourt.

Maritime adventure and discovery were a great feature of the age. About these Shakespeare is rather unaccountably silent, though there are abundant references to ships and seafaring life. The only apparent allusion is in *The Tempest*, where they land on an undiscovered island. Travellers' tales are more than once subjects of satire, though Othello wins the heart of Desdemona by his story of wanderings which take him among the Anthropophagi and the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. A passage in *The Tempest* (III., iii.) seems to suggest the idea that a race of men gentler than the people of Europe might be found in new countries. Potatoes, one of the products of discovery, are mentioned in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (V., v.) and in *Troilus and Cressida* (V., ii.). It is evident, however, that Shakespeare's mind did not turn much in that direction.

What was Shakespeare in religion? At the time when his intellectual life began, a series of religious revolutions and counter-revolutions had been closed by the Elizabethan settlement; a compromise, framed by politicians for a political object, which failed from the outset, as it has throughout, to satisfy religious aspiration, and has appeared to be successful only in periods of spiritual torpor. Puritanism, with its Genevan theology, was on the scene, and was assailing the relics of Catholicism in the liturgy or the vestiary, and rebelling against the authority of the Bishops. Martin Marprelate was railing against mitres. More thoroughgoing than the Puritan, who was always for a national

Establishment though purged of Popery, was the Brownist, who like the Independent of an after day and the Baptist, was for an entire separation of Church from State. Brownism, as a revolutionary movement, was under the ban of the Government. On the other hand, there were Roman Catholics of two kinds: those of the old school, national and patriotic, ready to fight for England against the Armada; and those of the new, Ultramontane, and Jesuitical school, who would have been ready to fight with the Armada against England. Conscientious Roman Catholics were Recusants, refusing to attend the worship prescribed by law and incurring fines by their non-attendance. But, besides these sects, religious controversies and wars had not failed to produce their natural effect in breeding among men of more daring spirit, or perhaps more libertine lives, total scepticism or indifference to religion. Among the Bohemians of the theatre, this tendency was likely to prevail. Marlowe is maligned as a blatant atheist, an utterer of horrible and damnable opinions, who had written a book against the Trinity and defamed Christ. The imputation was extended to other Bohemians.

There seems, however, to have been freethinking of a more serious and respectable kind. In 1583, Giordano Bruno, in the course of the philosophical wanderings which ended in Rome and at the stake, visited England. He found much that was not to his liking: dirty streets, insolent domestics, and, at Oxford, Dons thinking more of their academic robes and their social position than of the advancement of learning, and with minds closed against new truths. But, in London, he found, to

his satisfaction, comparative freedom of thought and speech. A circle, of which Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Fulke Greville were the chiefs, and of which Bruno was a member, discussed questions of philosophy and science with closed doors. So far as social position was concerned, Shakespeare might possibly have found his way into that circle.

The State Church was in a very low condition. The bulk of the clergy had turned their coats under Mary, and then again under Elizabeth. Of spiritual life, there was probably little among them. They were greatly impoverished, and iconoclasm had dilapidated their churches. Their representatives in the Shakespearian drama are Sir Hugh Evans, who appears in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* as a boon companion and a butt, quarrelling like a dog and going out to fight a duel; and Sir Nathaniel, who plays a farcical part in *Love's Labour's Lost.*

There can be little difficulty in pronouncing Shakespeare a Conformist, as a servant of the Court was specially bound to be. At all events, he was not a Nonconformist; for he ridicules the Nonconformists all round.

If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the Puritan, and old Poysam the Papist, howsoe'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

—*All's Well that Ends Well, I., iii.*

Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.

—*All's Well that Ends Well, I., iii.*

In *Twelfth-Night* (III., ii.) Sir Andrew Ague-cheek says, "I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician."

There is perhaps a slight compliment to the conscientiousness of the Puritans in *Twelfth-Night*,—

Maria.—Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.—O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.
Sir Toby Belch.—What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.—I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.
Maria.—The devil of a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time pleaser. —*II., iii.*

Religious pretensions do not escape ridicule. "Signior Bassanio," says Gratiano in the *Merchant of Venice*, "hear me:

"If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more."
—*II., ii.*

Least of all can it be maintained that Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic. Would it have been possible for a Roman Catholic, even dramatically, to have written this?—

King Philip.—Here comes the holy legate of the pope.
Pandulph.—Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—

To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
King John.—What earthly name to interrogatories,
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale: and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toil in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.
King Philip.—Brother in England, you blaspheme in this.
King John.—Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.
—*King John, III., i.*

It is true Shakespeare treats Friars respectfully in *Romeo and Juliet*, and elsewhere. But this

shows that he was a large-minded artist, not that he was a Roman Catholic. The Friars were accessories of his Italian scenes. To be sure, he might think them, though not ministers of a purer religion, characters more poetic, perhaps more spiritual, than Sir Hugh Evans and Sir Nathaniel. That his respect for Friars was not religious seems to be shown when he says,—

> *Clown.*—As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.
>
> —*All's Well that Ends Well, II., ii.*

The ghost and the purgatory in *Hamlet* are evidently a mere part of the fiction. No belief is indicated in purgatory, any more than in ghosts.

A Conformist we may safely take Shakespeare to have been; whether he was a church-goer, we have no means of telling. Atheistical or irreligious, he evidently was not. His general spirit is religious. With him, to be where "holy bells knoll to church," is synonymous with civilised life. The Almighty has fixed his canon against self-slaughter. In *Twelfth-Night*, Malvolio, here evidently serious, when asked whether he assents to a degrading opinion of the soul, answers that he thinks nobly of the soul, and by no means assents to the opinion. In *Measure for Measure*, there is a respectful allusion to the doctrine of the Redemption.

Isabella.— Alas! Alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. —*II., ii.*

In *The Merchant of Venice*, mercy in man reflects an attribute of God.

On the other hand, when Shakespeare touches the problem of human existence or that of the world to come, we cannot help feeling that we are in contact with a mind more like that of Giordano Bruno, or rather that of the Elizabethan liberals, than that of an orthodox Anglican Divine. The soliloquy in *Hamlet* presents nothing sceptical; yet it and Hamlet's general utterances are pervaded by the spirit of one to whom the state of man, present and future, is an unsolved mystery. We do not know "in that sleep of death what dreams may come." The world beyond the grave is "the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns." To die is to "go we know not where." "We are such stuff as dreams are made on; and our little life is rounded with a sleep." This globe of ours, "like an unsubstantial pageant, will vanish and leave not a wreck behind." That Shakespeare himself speaks in such passages cannot be affirmed, but may surely, without much improbability, be divined.

Among the absurdities of the Baconian theory, not one is greater than the idea that Bacon could have passed, in changing his kind of composition, from the scientific orthodoxy of his acknowledged works to the frame of mind characteristic of the Shakespearian drama.

Of the greatness of Shakespeare's genius, this is not, any more than of the features of his art, the

place to speak. His genius is so great that it has raised the whole Elizabethan drama to a height of reputation which probably none of its other writers, with the possible exception of Marlowe, could of themselves have attained.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

CHRONOLOGY

I	Loves Labour's Lost	1591
	The Comedie of Errors	1591
	The Two Gentlemen of Verona	1591
II	Henry VI.—Parts I, II, III	1592
	Romeo and Juliet	1591-6
III	Titus Andronicus	1593
	Sonnets and Poems	1592-4
IV	Richard III.	1592
	Richard II.	1593
	The Merchant of Venice	1594
V	King John	1594
	A Midsommer Nights Dreame	1595
	All's Well, That Ends Well	1595
VI	The Taming of the Shrew	1596
	Henry IV.—Parts I, II	1597
	The Merry Wives of Windsor	1597
VII	Henry V.	1598
	Much Adoe About Nothing	1599
	As You Like It	1599
VIII	Twelfe Night	1599
	Julius Cæsar	1601
	Hamlet	1601-4

IX	TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA	1603
	OTHELLO	1604
	MEASURE, FOR MEASURE	1604
X	MACBETH	1606
	KING LEAR	1606
	TYMON OF ATHENS	1607
XI	PERICLES	1607
	ANTHONIE AND CLEOPATRA	1608
	CORIOLANUS	1608
XII	CYMBELINE	1609
	THE WINTER'S TALE	1610
	THE TEMPEST	1611
	HENRY VIII.	1611

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The Avon at Stratford, showing Church of the Holy Trinity, wherein Shakespeare was christened and where he is buried *Frontispiece*

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

FACING PAGE

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THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS

Hall of Gray's Inn, where "The Comedy of Errors" was acted during the Christmas revels, in 1594 . . 3

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

The Stratford Portrait of William Shakespeare 3

EXPLANATORY

Text.

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering.

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, 1 *blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations.

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on; 1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos, all substantially agreeing; QQ. equals all early Quartos.

2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on; 2-4F. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.

l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

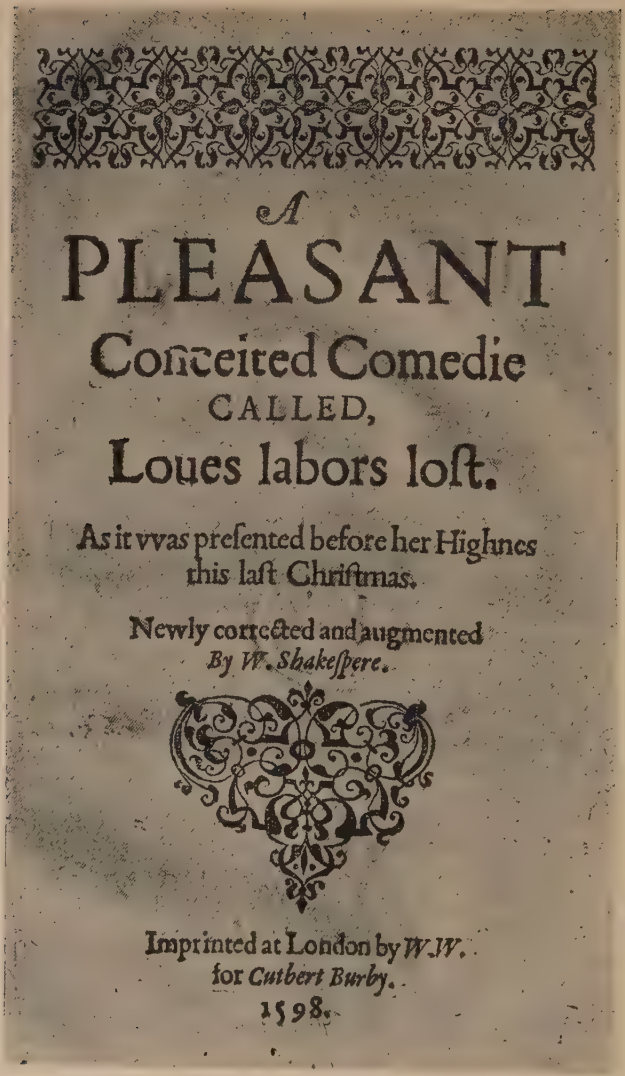
[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, *king of Navarre.*
BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, } *lords attending on the King.*
DUMAIN,
BOYET,
MERCADE, } *lords attending on the Princess of France.*
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*
SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*
HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*
DULL, *a constable.*
COSTARD, *a clown.*
MOTH, *page to Armado.*
A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.
ROSALINE,
MARIA, } *ladies attending on the Princess.*
KATHARINE,
JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Navarre.*]


A
PLEASANT
Conceited Comedie
CALLED,
Loues labors loſt.
As it vvas preſented before her Highnes this laſt Chriſtmas.
Newly corrected and augmented
By W. Shakeſpere.
Imprinted at London by *W.W.*
for *Cutbert Burby.*
1598.

Title-page to the First Edition of "Love's Labour's Lost," the first entirely original play of Shakespeare, performed for nearly ten years before it was published

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

Actus primus.

[Scene i. *The King of Navarre's park.*]

Enter Ferdinand King of Navarre, Berowne, Longavill, and Dumane.

Ferdinand.

LET *Fame*, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death:
when spight of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' endevour of this present breath may buy:
That honour which shall bate[1] his sythes keene edge,
And make us heyres of all eternitie.
Therefore brave Conquerours, for so you are,
That warre against your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
Navar shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplative in living Art.
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longavill*,
Have sworne for three yeeres terme, to live with me:

1 *blunt*

2. *Berowne:* Biron–2-4F.

My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this scedule heere.
Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
That violates the smallest branch heerein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

Longavill. I am resolv'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches have leane pates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dumane. My loving Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,
The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
He throwes upon the grosse worlds baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all these living in Philosophie.

Berowne. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, deare Liege, I have already sworne,
That is, to live and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strict observances:
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
And but one meale on every day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be seene to winke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.

31. *bankerout:* bankrupt (bancrout) quite–1Q.

Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from these.
Berow. Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.
Longa. You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.
Berow. By yea and nay sir, than I swore in jest.
What is the end of study, let me know?
Fer. Why that to know which else wee should not know.
Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) from common sense.
Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.
Bero. Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressely am forbid.
Or studie where to meet some Mistresse fine,
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or having sworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no.
Ferd. These be the stops that hinder studie quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.
Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare upon a Booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:
Light seeeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darkenesse lies,

54. *and if:* an if–THEOBALD. 62. *bard:* barr'd–ROWE.
67. *fast:* feast–THEOBALD. 77. *and:* but–1Q.

Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.
Studie me how to please the eye indeede,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is like the heavens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes:
Small have continuall plodders ever wonne,
Save base authoritie from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heavens lights,
That give a name to every fixed Starre,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Then those that walke and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And every Godfather can give a name.

Fer. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the weeding.

Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geesse are a breeding.

Dum. How followes that?

Ber. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Ber. Something then in rime.

Ferd. *Berowne* is like an envious sneaping[1] Frost,
That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.

[1] *snipping*

Ber. Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
Before the Birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:

115. *showes:* mirth–GLOBE.

But like of each thing that in season growes.
So you to studie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the house to unlocke the gate.
Fer. Well, fit you out: go home *Berowne*: adue.
Ber. No my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you.
And though I have for barbarisme spoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I have sworne,
And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.
Give me the paper, let me reade the same,
And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.
Fer. How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.
Ber. [*Reads*] *Item.* That no woman shall come within a mile | of my Court.
Hath this bin proclaimed?
Lon. Foure dayes agoe.
Ber. Let's see the penaltie. [*Reads*]
On paine of loosing her tongue.
Who devis'd this penaltie?
Lon. Marry that did I.
Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?
Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
[*Biron*] A dangerous law against gentilitie.[1] [1] *urbanity*
[*Reads*] *Item,* If any man be seene to talke with a woman with- | in the tearme of three yeares, hee shall indure such | publique shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly | devise.
Ber. This Article my Liedge your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:
A Maide of grace and compleate majestie,

118. *That were to:* out. *the gate:* the little gate–1Q.
119. *fit:* sit–1Q. 123. *sworne:* swore–1Q.2-4F.
141. *shall:* can–1Q. 143. *felfe:* self–1Q.

About surrender up of *Aquitaine*:
To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainly comes th'admired Princesse hither.
Fer. What say you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.
Ber. So Studie evermore is overshot,
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.
Fer. We must of force dispence with this Decree,
She must lye[1] here on meere necessitie. [1] *lodge*
Ber. Necessity will make us all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For every man with his affects is borne,
Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name, [*Subscribes*]
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall shame.
Suggestions[2] are to others as to me: [2] *temptations*
But I beleeve although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?
Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined travailer of *Spaine*,
A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:
One, who the musicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth ravish like inchanting harmonie:

151-2. 1 l.–1Q.
164. *breake for:* speak for–1Q.
169. *others:* other–1Q.
177. *who:* whom–2-4F.

A man of complements[1] whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutinie. [1] *accomplishments*
This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,[2] [2] *called* 181
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie *Spaine* lost in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
But I protest I love to heare him lie,
And I will use him for my Minstrelsie.
Bero. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight.
Lon. *Costard* the swaine and he, shall be our sport,
And so to studie, three yeeres is but short. 191

Enter a Constable [*Dull*] *with Costard with a Letter.*

Const. [*Dull*] Which is the Dukes owne person.
Ber. This fellow, What would'st?
Con. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his graces Tharborough:[3] But I would see his own person in flesh and blood. [3] *constable*
Ber. This is he.
Con. Signeor *Arme*, *Arme* commends you: 199
Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
Clow. [*Cost.*] Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching | mee.
Fer. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.
Ber. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Lon. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant us patience.
Ber. To heare, or forbeare hearing.

189. *fire, new:* fire-new–Pope.
194. *This fellow:* This, fellow–Rowe.
208. *bearing:* laughing–Capell.

Lon. To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbeare both.

Ber. Well sir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to clime in the merrinesse.

Clo. The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta.* The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Ber. In what manner?

Clo. In manner and forme following sir all those three. I was seene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with her upon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme following. Now sir for the manner; It is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme.

Ber. For the following sir.

Clo. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Ber. As we would heare an Oracle.

Clo. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the flesh.

Ferdinand. [*Reads*]

Great Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navar, *my soules earths God, and bodies fostring patrone*:

Cost. Not a word of *Costard* yet.

Ferd. [*Reads*] *So it is.*

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. [*Reads*] *So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholie, I* | *did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most whole-* | *some Physicke of thy healthgiving ayre: And as I am a Gen-* | *tleman, betooke myselfe to walke: the time When? about the* | *sixt houre, When beasts most grase, birds best pecke, and men* | *sit downe to that nonrishment which is called supper: So much* | *for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I* | *meane I walkt upon, it is ycliped,*[1] *Thy Parke. Then for the* | *place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and* | *most preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white pen* | *the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou viewest, beholdest,* | *survayest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth* | *North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy* | *curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spiri-* | *ted Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth,* (*Clown.* Mee?) | *that unletered small knowing soule,* (*Clow* Me?) *that shallow* | *vassall* (*Clow.* Still mee?) *which as I remember, hight*[1] Co- | stard, (*Clow.* O me) *sorted and consorted contrary to thy e-* | *stablished proclaymed Edict and Continet, Cannon: Which* | *with, & with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:* |

[1] *called* 261

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eve, *a female;* | *or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my* | *ever esteemed dutie prickes me on) have sent to thee, to receive* | *the meed of punishment by thy sweet Graces Officer* Anthony | Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation.* |

Anth. Me, an't shall please you? I am *Anthony Dull.*

247. *nonrishment:* nourishment–1Q.
256-9. separate ll. for *Clow.* and *Ferd.*–HANMER.
260. *Continet:* continent–1Q.

Ferd. *For* Jaquenetta (*so is the weaker vessell called*) *which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keeper her* | *as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy* | *sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of* | *devoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.*
Don Adriana de Armado. 274

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

Fer. I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation? 280

Clo. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisoment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damosell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damosell.

Clo. This was no Damosell neyther sir, shee was a Virgin. 289

Fer. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid will not serve your turne sir.

Clo. This Maide will serve my turne sir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

270. *keeper her:* keep her–1Q.2-4F.
274. *Adriana:* Adriano–1Q. 286-8. *Damosell:* damsell–1Q

Kin. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, see him deliver'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.
[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*]

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
These oathes and lawes will prove an idle scorne.
Sirra, come on.

Clo. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe, and untill then sit downe sorrow. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *The same.*]

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. [*Moth*] A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

Brag. [*Arm.*] Why? sadnesse is one and the selfesame thing | deare impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender *Juvenall*?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signeur.

Brag. Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy. Why tender *Juvenall*? Why tender *Juvenall*?

Brag. I spoke it tender *Juvenall*, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

309. *untill:* till. *sit downe:* sit thee down–1Q.
14. *apathaton:* epitheton–2-4F.

Boy. And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eeele is quicke.

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou heat'st my bloud.

Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Brag. I love not to be crost.

Boy. [*Aside*] He speakes the meere contrary, crosses[1] love not him. [

[1] *coins*

Br. I have promis'd to study iii. yeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre sir.

Brag. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester sir.

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deus-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Boy.* Why sir is this such a peece of study?

28. *ingenuous:* ingenious–1Q.2-4F.
39. *fits:* fitteth–1Q. 46. *vulgar call:* vulgar do call–1Q.

Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yeres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To prove you a Cypher.

Brag. I will heereupon confesse I am in love: and as it is base for a Souldier to love; so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliver mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransome him to any French Courtier for a new devis'd curtsie. I thinke scorne to sigh, me thinkes I should out-sweare *Cupid*. Comfort me Boy, What great men have beene in love?

Boy. *Hercules* Master.

Brag. Most sweete *Hercules*: more authority deare Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Sampson* Master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in love.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampson*, strong joynted *Sampson*; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampsons* love my deare *Moth*?

Boy. A Woman, Master.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

48. *you'll:* ye'll—1Q.

Boy. As I have read sir, and the best of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Lovers: but to have a Love of that colour, methinkes *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

Brag. My Love is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd under such colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee.

Brag. Sweet invocation of a childe, most pretty and patheticall.

Boy. If shee be made of white and red,
Her faults will nere be knowne:
For blush-in cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white showne:
Then if she feare, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheekes possesse the same,
Which native she doth owe:

A dangerous rime master against the reason of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will have that subject newly writ ore, that I may example my digression[1] by some mighty president.

[1] *transgression*

86. *immaculate:* maculate–1Q. 95. *blush-in:* blushing–2-4F. 103, 105. *ballet:* ballad–Rowe.

Boy, I doe love that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Costard:* she deserves well.

Boy. [*Aside*] To bee whip'd: and yet a better love then my | Master.

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heavy in ioue.

Boy. And that's great marvell, loving a light wench.

Brag. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be past.

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench [*Jaquenetta*].

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke: for this Damsell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is alowd for the Day-woman.[1] Fare you well. *Exit.*

Brag. I do betray my felfe with blushing: Maide.

Maid. [*Jaq.*] Man.

Brag. I wil visit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is situate.

Mai. Lord how wise you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Ma. With what face?

Brag. I love thee.

Mai. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so farewell.

Mai. Faire weather after you.

Clo. [*Dull*] Come *Jaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*

[1] *dairy-woman*

116. *ioue:* love–1Q.2-4F.
122. *let him take:* suffer him to take–1Q.
123. *bee must:* a' must–1Q. 133. *what:* that–1Q.2-4F.

Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.

Brag. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Clo. Take away this villaine, shut him up.

Boy. Come you transgressing slave, away.

Clow. Let mee not bee pent up sir, I will fast being loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Clow. Well, if ever I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I have seene, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some see?

Clow. Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they looke upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.* [*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*]

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which ia a great argument of falshood) if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsly attempted? Love is a familiar, Love is a Divell. There is no evill Angell but Love, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. *Cupids* But shaft[1] is too hard for *Her-*

[1] *arrow*

156. *be silent:* be too silent–1Q. 163. *ia:* is–1Q.
166. *yet Sampson was:* yet was Samson–1Q.
167. *Salomon:* Solomon–3-4F.

cules Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serve my turne: the *Passado* hee respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valour, rust Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in love; yea hee loveth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Devise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secunda.

[Scene i. *The same.*]

Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies [*Rosaline, Maria, Katharine*], *and three Lords* [*Boyet, etc.*].

Boyet. Now Madam summon up your dearest spirits,
Consider who the King your father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.
Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Navarre*, the plea of no lesse weight
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starve the generall world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Queen. [*Prin.*] Good L. *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,

Not uttred by base sale of chapmens[1] tongues:
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much wiling to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the praise of mine. [1] *shopmen's*
But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,
Prin. You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Navar* hath made a vow,
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,
As our best moving faire soliciter:
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious businesse craving quicke dispatch,
Importunes personall conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attend,
Like humble visag'd suters his high will.
Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my loving Lords, that are vow-fellowes with this vertuous Duke?
Lor. Longavill is one.
Princ. Know you the man?
1 *Lady.* [*Mar.*] I know him Madame at a marriage feast,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the beautious heire
Of *Jaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* saw I this *Longavill*,
A man of soveraigne parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:

24. *Prin.* out–1Q.2-4F. 40-1. 2 five-accent ll.–2Rowe.
42. *Longavill:* Lord Longaville–Capell.

Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely soyle of his faire vertues glosse,
If vertues glosse will staine with any soile,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,
It should none spare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, ist so?
Lad. 1. They say so most, that most his humors know.
Prin. Such short liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
2. *Lad.* [*Kath.*] The yong *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth, |
Of all that Vertue love, for Vertue loved.
Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though she had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alansoes* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthinesse.
Rossa. Another of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I never spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-moving jest.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite ravished.
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

64. *she:* he–1Q.2-4F.
65. *Alansoes:* Alençon's (Alanson's)–Rowe. 69. *as I:* if I–1Q.

Prin. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in love?
That every one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise.
Ma. Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?
Boyet. *Navar* had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addrest[1] to meete you gentle Lady [1] *prepared*
Before I came: Marrie thus much I have learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oath:
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Enter Navar, Longavill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes *Navar*.
Nav. Faire Princesse, welcom to the Court of *Navar*.
Prin. Faire I give you backe againe, and welcome I have not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.
Nav. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.
Prin. I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.
Nav. Heare me deare Lady, I have sworne an oath.
Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.
Nav. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.
Nav. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

107. *it will:* it; will—CAPELL.

I heare your grace hath sworne out Houseekeeping:
'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sinne to breake it:
But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainly resolve me in my suite.
Nav. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.
Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay.
Berow. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Rosa. Did not I dance with you in B*rabant* once?
Ber. I know you did.
Rosa. How needlesse was it then to ask the question?
Ber. You must not be so quicke.
Rosa. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.
Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Rosa. Not till it leave the Rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Rosa. The howre that fooles should aske.
Ber. Now faire befall your maske.
Rosa. Faire fall the face it covers.
Ber. And send you many lovers.
Rosa. Amen, so you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I be gone.
Kin. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but th'one halfe, of an intire summe,
Disbursed by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither have
Receiv'd that summe; yet there remaines unpaid
A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to us,

129. *a day:* o' day—THEOBALD.

Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one halfe which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in *Aquitaine*,
And hold faire friendship with his Majestie:
But that it seemes he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaie,
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To have his title live in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart[1] withall, [1] *parted from*
And have the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitane*, so guelded as it is.
Deare Princesse, were not his requests so farre
From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,
And goe well satisfied to *France* againe.

Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confesse receyt
Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.

Kin. I doe protest I never heard of it,
And if you prove it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld up *Aquitaine*.

Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a summe, from speciall Officers,
Of *Charles* his Father.

Kin. Satisfie me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound,
To morrow you shall have a sight of them.

150. *repaie:* repaid–1Q.2-4F. 151. *An:* A–1Q.
152. *One:* On–Theobald.

Kin. It shall suffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reason would I yeeld unto:
Meane time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.
You may not come faire Princesse in my gates,
But heere without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you againe. [1] *accompany*

Prin. Sweet health & faire desires consort[1] your grace.

Kin. Thy own wish wish I thee, in every place. *Exit.*

Boy. [*Biron*] Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.

La. Ro. Pray you doe my commendations, I would be glad to see it.

Boy. [*Biron*] I would you heard it grone.

La. Ro. Is the soule sicke?.

Boy. [*Biron*] Sicke at the heart.

La. Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.

Boy. [*Biron*] Would that doe it good?

La. Ro. My Phisicke saies I.

Boy. [*Biron*] Will you prick't with your eye.

La. Ro. *No poynt*, with my knife.

Boy. [*Biron*] Now God save thy life.

La. Ro. And yours from long living.

Ber. I cannot stay thanks-giving. *Exit.*

Enter Dumane.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?

177. *would I yeeld:* I will yield–1Q. 184. *farther:* fair–1Q.
186. *we shall:* shall we–1Q. 189. *my owne:* mine own–2Q.
193. *soule:* fool–1Q.

Boy. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well.
[*Exit.*]
Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?
Boy. A woman somtimes, if you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.
Boy. Shee hath but one for her selfe,
To desire that were a shame.
Long. Pray you sir, whose daughter?
Boy. Her Mothers, I have heard.
Long. Gods blessing a your beard.
Boy. Good sir be not offended,
Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
Shee is a most sweet Lady. *Exit. Long.*
Boy. Not unlike sir, that may be.

Enter Beroune.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.
Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.
Ber. Is she wedded, or no.
Boy. To her will sir, or so.
Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.
Boy. Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*
La. Ma. That last is *Beroune*, the mery mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a jest.
Boy. And every jest but a word.
Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.
La. Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie:

205. *Rosalin:* Katharine–SINGER.
210-1. 1 l.–1Q.
222. *Katherine:* Rosaline–SINGER.
208. *if:* an (and)–1Q.
214. *a your:* on your–1Q.

[*Boyet*] And wherefore not Ships?
Boy. No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) unlesse we feed on your lips.
La. You Sheep and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?
Boy. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*]
La. Not so gentle beast.
My lips are no Common, though severall they be.
Bo. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits wil be jangling, but gentles agree.
This civill warre of wits were much better used
On *Navar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.
Bo. If my observation (which very seldome lies
By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)
Deceive me not now, *Navar* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Lovers intitle affected.
Prin. Your reason.
Bo. Why all his behaviours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
His hart like an Agot[1] with your print impressed,
Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eie-sight to be,
All sences to that sence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his sences were lockt in his eye,
As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy.
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were glast,
Did point out to buy them along as you past.

[1] *agate*

250. *doe:* did–1Q. 260. *whence:* where–1Q.
261. *point out:* point you–1Q.

His faces owne margent[1] did coate[2] such amazes, [1] *margin*
That all eyes saw his eies inchanted with gazes. [2] *note*
Ile give you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,
And you give him for my sake, but one loving Kisse.

Prin. Come to our Pavillion, *Boyet* is disposde.

Bro. [*Boyet*] But to speak that in words, which his eie hath disclos'd. |
I onelie have made a mouth of his eie,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Love-monger, and speakest skilfully. 271

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes news of him.

Lad. 2. [*Ros.*] Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her fa- | ther is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

La. 1. [*Mar.*] No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

Lad. 2. [*Ros.*] I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.* 280

Actus Tertius.

[Scene i. *The same.*]

Enter Broggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel. [*Singing.*]

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tendernesse of yeares: take this Key, give enlargement to the swaine, bring him fe-

262. *coate:* quote–2Q.

stinatly[1] hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my Love.

[1] *quickly*

Boy. Will you win your love with a French braule?[2]

[2] *a dance*

Bra. How meanest thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat master, but to Jigge off a tune at the tongues end, canarie[2] to it with the feete, humour it with turning up your eie: sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throate: if you swallowed love with singing, love sometime through: nose as if you snuft up love by smelling love with your hat penthouse-like ore the shop of your eies, with your armes crost on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a spit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours, these betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and make them men of note: do you note men that most are affected to these?

Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy. By my penne of observation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.

Bra. Cal'st thou my love Hobbi-horse.

Boy. No Master, the Hobbie-horse is but a Colt, and and your Love perhaps, a Hacknie:
But have you forgot your Love?

Brag. Almost I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by heart.

11. begins Master–1Q.
14. *the feete:* your feet–1Q.
15. *eie:* eyelids–1Q.
16. *if:* as if–THEOBALD.
17. *singing, love sometime:* singing love, sometime–THEOBALD.
17. *through: nose:* through the nose–2-4F.
25. *note men:* note me?–WARBURTON.
28. *penne:* penny–HANMER.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Master: all those three I will prove.

Brag. What wilt thou prove?

Boy. A man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Brag. I am all these three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a letter.

Boy. A message well simpathis'd, a Horse to be embassadour for an Asse.

Brag. Ha, ha, What saiest thou?

Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Asse upon the Horse for he is verie slow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead sir.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a mettall heavie, dull, and slow?

Boy. *Minnime* honest Master, or rather Master no.

Brad. I say Lead is slow.

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.
Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*]

Bra. A most acute Juvenall, voluble and free of grace,

58. *Thy:* The—1Q. 68. *voluble:* volable—1Q.

By thy favour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholie, Valour gives thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page [*Moth*] *and Clowne.*

Pag. A wonder Master, here's a *Costard*[1] broken in a shin.

[1] *head*

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenvoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *lenvoy*, no salve, in thee male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lenvoy*, no *lenvoy*, no Salve sir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie thought, my spleene, the heaving of my lunges provokes me to rediculous smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth the inconsiderate take *salve* for *lenvoy*, and the word *lenvoy* for a *salve*?

Pag. Doe the wise thinke them other, is not *lenvoy* a *salve*?

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine,
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.
[I will example it:
The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.
Ther's the morrall: Now the *lenvoy*.

Pag. I will adde the *lenvoy*, say the morrall againe.

Ar. The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

Pag. Untill the Goose came out of doore,
And staied the oddes by adding foure.]

77. *thee:* the–2-4F.
78. *male:* mail–CAMBRIDGE.
88. *faine:* sain–1Q.
88-9. bracketed ll.–1Q.

Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my *lenvoy*.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.
Arm. Untill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.
Pag. A good *Lenvoy*, ending in the Goose: would you desire more? [flat
Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat. To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose: Let me see a fat *Lenvoy*, I that's a fat Goose.
Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?
Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin. Then cal'd you for the *Lenvoy*.
Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lenvoy*, the Goose that you bought, And he ended the market.
Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?
Pag. I will tell you sencibly.
Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will speake that *Lenvoy*.
I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.
Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.
Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.
Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Lenvoy*, some Goose in this.

98. *and:* an—Pope. 101-2. 1 l.—1Q.
105-6. 1 l.—1Q. 112-3. 1 l.—1Q.

Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie. Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: [*Giving a letter.*] Beare this significant to the countrey Maide *Jaquenetta*: | there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours | is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow. | 130

Pag. Like the sequell I.
Signeur *Costard* adew. *Exit.*

Clow. My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie[1] Jew: Now will I looke to his remuneration. [1] *fine* Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings: Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile give you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will never buy and sell out of this word. 140

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knave *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.

122. *emured:* immured–2-4F.
129. *bonours:* honour–1Q.
137. *i.d.:* one (a) penny–Rowe.
137-8. *Why? It carries it remuneration:* Why, it carries it. Remuneration!–Theobald.
138-9. *then a French-Crowne:* than French crown–1Q.

Ber. O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke.
Cost. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.
Ber. O stay slave, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.
Clow. When would you have it done sir?
Ber. O this after-noone.
Clo. Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.
Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.
Clo. I shall know sir, when I have done it.
Ber. Why villaine thou must know first.
Clo. I wil come to your worship to morrow morning.
Ber. It must be done this after-noone,
Harke slave, it is but this:
The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her:
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.
[*Giving him a shilling.*]

Clo. Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remuneration, a levenpence-farthing better: most sweete gardon. I will doe it sir in print: gardon, remuneration.
Exit.

Ber. O, and I forsooth in love,
I that have beene loves whip?
A verie Beadle to a humerous sigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Constable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall so magnificent.
This wimpled,[1] whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,

[1] *veiled*

147. *threefarthings:* three-farthing–1Q.
147, 149, 153, 155, 171. *O* out–CAMBRIDGE.
171-2. 1 l.–1Q. 173-4. 2 five-accent ll.–POPE.

This signior *Junios* gyant drawfe, don *Cupid*,
Regent of Love-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed soveraigne of sighes and groanes:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators[1] (O my little heart.) [1]*court clerks*
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I love, I sue, I seeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
Still a repairing: ever out of frame,
And never going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may still goe right.
Nay, to be perjurde, which is worst of all:
And among three, to love the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a velvet brow.
With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heaven, one that will doe the deede,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde.
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, shue, grone,
Some men must love my Lady, and some Jone.

178. *signior Junios:* senior-junior–THEOBALD, HANMER.
178. *don:* Dan–1Q.
187. *What?* What I! (What? I!)–MALONE.
188. *Cloake:* clock–2-4F. 194. *whitly:* wightly–CAMBRIDGE.
202. *shue, grone:* sue and groan–2-4F.

Actus Quartus.

[Scene i. *The same.*]

Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,
Against rhe steepe uprising of the hill?
Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.
Qu. Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords, to day we shall have our dispatch,
On Saterday we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?
For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.
Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoote.
For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.
Qu. What, what? First praise me, & then again say no.
O short liv'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.
For. Yes Madam faire.
Qu. Nay, never paint me now,
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:
Faire paiment for foule words, is more then due.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.
Qu. See, see, my beautie will be sav'd by merit.
O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giving hand, though foule, shall have faire praise.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:

5. *rhe:* the–1Q. 17. *& then again:* and again–1Q.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
And out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,
When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.
Boy. Do not curst[1] wives hold that selfe-soveraignтie
Onely for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords ore their Lords?
[1] *shrewish*
Qu. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady?
Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?
Qu. The thickest, and the tallest.
Clo. The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth. And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit, One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit. Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest here?
Qu. What's your will sir? What's your will?
Clo. I have a Letter from Monsier *Berowne*, To one Lady *Rosaline*.

54. *And:* An–Pope. 55. *a:* o'–Theobald. 58-9. 1 l.–1Q.

Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a side good bearer. 61
Boyet, you can carve,
Breake up this Capon.
Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Jaquenetta*.
Qu. We will reade it, I sweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and every one give eare.

Boyet reades. 69

By heaven, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art lovely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then truth it selfe: have comiseration on thy heroicall Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Cophetua* set eie upon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici:* Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O base and obscure vulgar; *videliset*, He came, See, and overcame: hee came one; see, two; covercame three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who overcame he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose side? the King: the captive is inricht: On whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Begger, for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command

61-2. 1 l.–1Q. 78. *See:* saw–2-4F.
79. *see:* saw–Rowe. *covercame:* overcame–2Q. 3-4F.
84. *the King:* the King's–2Q. 3-4F.

thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreate thy love? I will. What, shalt thou exchange for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles, for thy selfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy everie part. 94

Thine in the dearest designe of industrie,

Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
Submissive fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play. 100
But if thou strive (poore soule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you ever heare better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.

Qu. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court
A Phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates. 110

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you, my Lord.

Qu. To whom should'st thou give it?

Clo. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clo. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good master of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

96. *Adriana:* Adriano–2Q. *Armatho:* Armado–2-4F.
103-5. 2 rhymed ll.–1Q.

Qu. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away. [*To Ros.*] Here sweete, put up this, 'twill be thine another day.

Exeunt [*Princess and train*].

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of beautie.

Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie, Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie. Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not neare. Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and shee strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower:
Have I hit her now.

Rosa. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may answere thee with one as old that was a woman when Queene *Guinover* of *Brittaine* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot, another can. *Exit.*

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*]

Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

122. *shooter:* suitor–Steevens. 132. *Finely .. indeede:* 1 l.–3-4F. 135-6. 1 l.–1Q.
145. *I:* An (And) 1–1Q. Theobald. 146. *And:* An–Theobald.

Mar. A marke marveilous well shot, for they both did hit.

Boy. A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke saies my Lady.

Let the mark have a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeede a'must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.[1]

[1] *centre*

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Clo. Then will shee get the upshoot by cleaving the is in.

Ma. Come, come, you talke greasely,[2] your lips grow foule.

[2] *grossly*

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her to boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.

[*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*]

Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne. Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I have put him downe. O my troth most sweete jests, most inconie vulgar wit, When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armathor ath to the side, O a most dainty man. To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan. To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will sweare: And his Page atother side, that handfull of wit,

149. *bit:* hit it–4F.
153. *a'th:* o' the–2Q.
156. *And:* An–Theobald.
159. *is in:* pin–2-4F.
171. *Armathor ath to the:* Armado o' th' one–2Rowe.

Ah heavens, it is most patheticall nit.[1] Sowla, sowla. *Exeunt.*

[1] *mite*

Shoote within.

[Scene ii. *The same.*]

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reverent sport truely, and done in the testi- | mony of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood, ripe as a Pomwater,[2] who now hangeth like a Jewell in the eare of *Celo* the skie; the welken the heaven, and anon falleth like a Crab[2] on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the land, the earth.

[2] *apple*

Curat. Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are | sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure | ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel, haud credo.*

[3] *2-year buck*

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.[3]

Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his inclination after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed doost thou looke.

Nath. Sir hee hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.

176. *is most:* is a most–2-4F.
5. *as a:* as the–1Q.
178. *Shoote:* Shout–4F.
23. new l. at O–Dyce.

He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animall, onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants are set before us, that we thankfull should be: which we taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in us more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or a foole;
So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a Schoole.
But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that love not the winde.
Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not five weekes old as yet?
Hol. Dictisima goodman *Dull, dictisima* goodman *Dull.*
Dul. What is *dictima*?
Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone.*
Hol. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more.
And wrought not to five-weekes when he came to five-score.
Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.
Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the Exchange.
Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

30-3. *and..be:* 2 ll. ending be, be–HANMER.
31-2. *we taste:* we of taste–COLLIER.
43. *Dictisima:* Dictynna–ROWE.
45. *dictima:* Dictynna (inna)–2-4F.
49. *wrought:* raught (rought)–1Q.

Dul. And I say the polusion holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princesse kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princesse kill'd a Pricket.

Nath. Perge, good M. *Holofernes, perge*, so it shall please you to abrogate scurilitie.

Hol I will something affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

The prayfull Princesse pearst and prickt
a prettie pleasing Pricket,
Some say a Sore,[1] *but not a sore,* [1] *4-year deer*
till now made sore with shooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell[2] *jumps from thicket:* [2] *3-year deer*
Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be sore, then ell to Sore,
makes fiftie sores O sorell:
Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him | with a talent.

Nath. [*Hol.*] This is a gift that I have simple: simple, a foo- | lish extravagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, ob- | jects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These | are begot in the ventricle of memorie,

60. *call'd the Deare:* call I the deer–CAMBRIDGE.
66-77. 6 rhymed ll.–ROWE. 75. *O:* one–CAMBRIDGE.

nourisht in the | wombe of primater, and delivered upon the mellowing | of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is | acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. [*Nath.*] Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my | parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, | and their Daughters profit very greatly under you: you | are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. [*Hol.*] *Me hercle*, If their Sonnes be ingennous, they | shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, | I will put it to them. But *Vir sapis qui pauca loquitur*, a | soule Feminine saluteth us. 95

Enter Jaquenetta and the Clowne.

Jaqu. God give you good morrow M. *Person.*

Nath. [*Hol.*] Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should | be perst, Which is the one?

Clo. Marry M. Schoolemaster, hee that is likest to a hogshead. 101

Nath. [*Hol.*] Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster of con- | ceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle | enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Jaqu. Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was given mee by *Costard*, and sent mee from *Don Armatho:* I beseech you reade it. 107

Nath. [*Hol.*] *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub um-* | *bra ruminat*, and so forth. Ah good old

85. *primater:* pia mater–Rowe.
92. *ingennous:* ingenious–Capell.
94. *sapis:* sapit–2Q.2-4F.
98. *Person..Person:* Parson..person–2F. *and:* an–Halliwell.
99. *perst:* pierced–Cambridge.
102. *Of persing:* Piercing–Cambridge.
108. *Facile ... pecas omnia:* Fauste ... pecus omne–2-4F.

Mantuan, I | may speake of thee as the traveiler doth of *Venice*, *vem-* | *chie*, *vencha*, *que non te unde*, *que non te perreche*. Old *Man-* | *tuam*, old *Mantuan*. Who understandeth thee not, *ut re* | *sol la mi fa*: Under pardon sir, What are the contents? or | rather as *Horrace* sayes in his, What my soule verses. | 114

Hol. [*Nath.*] I sir, and very learned.

Nath. [*Hol.*] Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse, *Lege do-* | *mine*.

[*Nath. reads*] If Love make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to love? |

Ah never faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull prove.
Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Osiers bowed. 122
Studie his byas leaves, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures live, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend. |
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Joves* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder. 131
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon love this wrong,
That sings heavens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Ped. You finde not the apostraphas, and so misse the accent. Let me supervise the cangenet.

110-1. *vemchie ... te perreche:* Venetia, Venetia, Chi non ti vede non ti pretia–THEOBALD, CAPELL, CAMBRIDGE.
112. *not, ut:* not, loves thee not. Ut–1Q.
136. *cangenet:* canzonet–THEOBALD.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poesie *caret*: *Oviddius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerkes of invention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damosella virgin*, Was this directed to you? 144

Jaq. I sir from one mounsier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. [*Hol.*] I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beautious Lady* Rosaline. | I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for | the nomination of the partie written to the person writ- | ten unto. 151

Your Ladiships in all desired imployment, Berowne.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweete, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgive thy duetie, adue.

Maid. Good *Costard* go with me: 160
Sir God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Hol. [*Nath.*] Sir you have done this in the feare of God very | religiously: and as a certaine Father saith

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare coloura-

137. *Nath.* out–Theobald.
141. *invention imitarie:* invention? Imitari–Theobald.
150. *written:* writing–Rowe.
153. *Per.* out. *Sir Holofernes:* Sir Nathaniel–Capell.
157. *hand:* royal hand–1Q. 160-1. 1 l.–1Q.

ble colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marveilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priviledge I have with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, undertake your *bien vonuto*, where I will prove those Verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Invention. I beseech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. [*To Dull*] Sir I do invite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca* | *verba*.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iii. *The same.*]

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe.

They have pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proved wit. By the Lord this Love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kils sheepe, it kils mee, I a sheepe: Well proved againe a my side. I will not love; if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by

170. *being repast:* before repast–1Q.
173. *bien vonuto:* ben venuto–2Rowe. 9. *a:* o'–Capell.

this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heaven I doe love, and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to grone.

He stands aside. *The King entreth* [*with a paper*].

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. [*Aside*] Shot by heaven: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast | thumpt him with thy Birdbolt[1] under the left pap: in faith | secrets.

[1] *blunt arrow*

King. [*Reads*] So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne gives not, |
To those fresh morning drops upon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse have smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
Nor shines the silver Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will show:
But doe not love thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longavile [*with a paper*]. *The King steps aside.*

What *Longavill*, and reading: listen eare.

Ber. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.

Ber. Why he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

Long. [*King*] In love I hope, sweet fellowship in shame. |

Ber. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Lon. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know, |

Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loves Tiburne, that hangs up simplicitie.

Lon. I feare these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet *Maria*, Empresse of my Love,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Ber. O Rimes are gards[1] on wanton *Cupids* hose,
Disfigure not his Shop.

[1] *ornaments*

Lon. This same shall goe. *He reades the Sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perswade my heart to this false perjurie?
Vowes for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A Woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heavenly Love.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doest shine,
Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is:

53. *triumphery:* triumviry–2Rowe.
59. *Shop:* slop–Theobald.

If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, What foole is not so wise,
To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?

Ber. This is the liver veine, which makes flesh a deity.
A greene Goose, a Coddesse, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumaine [*with a paper*].

Lon. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.
[*Steps aside.*]

Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heavens I have my wish,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.

Dum. O most divine *Kate*.

Bero. O most prophane coxcombe.

Dum. By heaven the wonder of a mortall eye.

Bero. By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.

Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted.

Ber. An Amber coloured Raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the Cedar.

Ber. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child.

Dum. As faire as day.

Ber. I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish?

Lon. And I had mine.

Kin. And mine too good Lord.

Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

76. *Coddesse:* goddess–1Q. 87. *of a:* in a–1Q.
89. *coted:* quoted–Capell. 91-3. 2 rhymed ll.–Theobald.
97. *And mine:* And I mine–Johnson.

Dum. I would forget her, but a Fever she
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Fever in your bloud, why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.
Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I have writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Love can varry Wit.

Dumane reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Love, whose Month is every May,
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Velvet, leaves the winde,
All unseene, can passage finde.
That the Lover sicke to death,
Wish himselfe the heavens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph so.
But alacke my hand is sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth unmeete,
Youth so apt to plucke a sweet.
Doe not call it sinne in me,
That I am forsworne for thee.
Thou for whom Jove *would sweare,*
Juno *but an Æthiop were,*
And denie himselfe for Jove.
Turning mortall for thy Love.

This will I send, and something else more plaine.
That shall expresse my true-loves fasting paine.

107. *every:* ever–1Q. 117. *throne:* thorn–2Rowe.

O would the *King*, *Berowne* and *Longavill*,
Were Lovers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note :
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.
Lon. [*Advancing*] *Dumaine*, thy Love is farre from charitie, |
That in Loves griefe desir'st societie:
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping so.
Kin. [*Advancing*] Come sir, you blush : as his, your case is such, |
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You doe not love *Maria*? *Longavile*,
Did never Sonnet for her sake compile ;
Nor never lay his wreathed armes athwart
His loving bosome, to keepe downe his heart.
I have beene closely shrowded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty Rimes, observ'd your fashion :
Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.
Aye me, sayes one ! O *Jove*, the other cries !
On her haires were Gold, Christall the others eyes.
You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,
[*To Long.*]
And *Jove* for your Love would infringe an oath.
[*To Dum.*]
What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare
Faith infringéd, which such zeale did sweare.
How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

147. *On her:* One, her–1Q. 151. *Faith:* Faith so–Globe.

Bero. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
[*Advancing.*]
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove
These wormes for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry have I seene.
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:[1]
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat?
To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Jygge?
And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,
And *Critticke Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longavill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the brest:
A Candle hoa!
Kin. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy over-view?
Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that hold it sinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.

[1] *tears*

160. *couches:* coaches–2Rowe.
166. *Moth .. Moth:* mote–Rowe. 173. *tuning:* to tune–1Q.
179. *Candle:* caudle–1Q.
182. *by me .. to you:* to me .. by you–Capell.

I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconstancie.
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Joane*? or spend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest, a waste, a legge, a limme.

Kin. Soft, Whither a-way so fast?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.

Ber. I post from Love, good Lover let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Clowne.

Jaqu. God blesse the King.

Kin. What Present hast thou there?

Clo. Some certaine treason.

Kin. What makes treason heere?

Clo. Nay it makes nothing sir.

Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
The treason and you goe in peace away together.

Jaqu. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said.

Kin. *Berowne*, read it over. *He reades the Letter.*

Kin. Where hadst thou it?

Jaqu. Of *Costard.*

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.*

[*Biron tears the letter.*]

Kin. How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not feare it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's heare it.

188. *Joane:* love—1Q. 189-92. 4 rhymed ll.—2Rowe.

Dum. It is *Berowns* writing, and heere is his name.
[*Gathering up the pieces.*]

Ber. [*To Costard*] Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne | to doe me shame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.

Kin. What?

Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make up the messe.[1] [1] *a set of four*

He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purses in Love, and we deserve to die.
O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Berow. True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles be gone?

Kin. Hence sirs, away.

Clo. Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay.
[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*]

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Lovers, O let us imbrace,
As true we are as flesh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heaven will shew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love of thine?

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly *Rosaline*, |
That (like a rude and savage man of *Inde*.)
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

224-9. 4 rhymed ll.–THEOBALD.
232. *heaven will shew:* **heaven show**–1Q.
234. *are:* **were**–1Q.3-4F.

What peremptory Eagle-sighted eye
Dares looke upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majestie?
Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?
My Love (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne.*
O, but for my Love, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd soveraignty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where severall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rethoricke, O she needs it not,
To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs:
She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fivescore winters worne,
Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And gives the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.
King. By heaven, thy Love is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word divine?
A wife of such wood were felicitie.
O who can give an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full so blacke.
Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties crest becomes the heavens well.
Ber. Divels soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.

265. *word:* **wood**–Rowe. 272. *Schoole:* **suit**–Globe.

O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting usurping haire
Should ravish doters with a false aspect:
And therfore is she borne to make blacke, faire.
Her favour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
For native bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would avoyd dispraise,
Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.
Lon. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.
King. And *Æthiops* of their sweet complexion crake.[1]
Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.
Ber. Your mistresses dare never come in raine,
For feare their colours should be washt away.
Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for sir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fairer face not washt to day.
Ber. Ile prove her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.
Kin. No Divell will fright thee then so much as shee.
Duma. I never knew man hold vile stuffe so deere.
Lon. Looke, heer's thy love, my foot and her face see.
Ber. O if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.
Duma. O vile, then as she goes what upward lyes?
The street should see as she walk'd over head.
Kin. But what of this, are we not all in love?
Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.
Kin. Then leave this chat, & good *Berown* now prove
Our loving lawfull, and our fayth not torne.
Dum. I marie there, some flattery for this evill.
Long. O some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the divell.

[1] *boast*

276. *painting:* painting and–Rowe.
300, 307. *O* out–Cambridge.

Dum. Some salve for perjurie.
Ber. O 'tis more then neede.
Have at you then affections men at armes,
Consider what you first did sweare unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.
Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:
And abstinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to studie (Lords)
In that each of you have forsworne his Booke.
Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of studies excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face;
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why, universall plodding poysons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The sinnowy vigour of the travailer.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You have in that forsworne the use of eyes:
And studie too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adjunct to our selfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
Then when our selves we see in Ladies eyes,
With our selves.
Doe we not likewise see our learning there?
O we have made a Vow to studie, Lords,

311. *against:* 'gainst–1Q. 335. *With our selves* out–2-4F.

And in that vow we have forsworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors have inrich'd you with:
Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toyle.
But Love first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Lives not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious seeing to the eye:
A Lovers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Lovers eare will heare the lowest sound.
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
Loves feeling is more soft and sensible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
Loves tongue proves dainty, *Bachus* grosse in taste,
For Valour, is not Love a *Hercules*?
Still climing trees in the *Hesporides*.
Subtill as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musicall,
As bright *Apollo*'s Lute, strung with his haire.
And when Love speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heaven drowsie with the harmonie.
Never durst Poet touch a pen to write,
Untill his Inke were tempred with Loves sighes:
O then his lines would ravish savage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive.
They sparcle still the right promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,

That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
Else none at all in ought proves excellent.
Then fooles you were these women to forsweare:
Or keeping what is sworne, you will prove fooles,
For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men love:
Or for Loves sake, a word that loves all men.
Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:
Or Womens sake, by whom we men are Men.
Let's once loose our oathes to finde our selves,
Or else we loose our selves, to keepe our oathes:
It is religion to be thus forsworne.
For Charity it selfe fulfills the Law:
And who can sever love from Charity.

Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.

Ber. Advance your standards, & upon them Lords.
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolve to woe these girles of France?

Kin. And winne them too, therefore let us devise,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Ber. First from the Park let us conduct them thither,
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Revels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
Fore-runne faire Love, strewing her way with flowres.

Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Ber. Alone, alone sowed Cockell,[1] reap'd no Corne,

[1] *weeds*

378. *author:* authors–Capell.
402. *Alone, alone:* Allons! allons!–Theobald.

And Justice alwaies whirles in equall measure:
Light Wenches may prove plagues to men forsworne,
If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

[Act V. Scene i. *The same.*]

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid sufficit.

Curat. I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner have beene sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scurrillity, witty without affection,[1] audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho.*

[1] *affectation*

Ped. Novi hominum tanquam te, His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majesticall, and his generall behaviour vaine, ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinat, as I may call it.

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithat,
Draw out his Table-booke.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbositie, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanaticall phantasims, such insociable and poynt devise companions, such rackers of ortagriphie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he shold pronounce debt; d e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Caufe: halfe, haufe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreviated

3. *quid:* quod–Rowe. 11. *hominum:* hominem–3-4F.

ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of infamie: *ne inteligis domine*, to make franticke, lunaticke?

Cura. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

Peda. *Bome boon for boon prescian*, a little scratcht,' twil serve. 31

Enter Bragart, Boy [*and Costard*].

Curat. *Vides ne quis venit?*

Peda. *Video, & gaudio.*

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. [*To Moth*] *Quari* Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Ped. Most millitarie sir salutation.

Boy. [*Aside to Costard*] They have beene at a great feast of Languages, | and stolne the scraps. 40

Clow. O they have liv'd long on the almes-basket of words. I marvell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. [*To Hol.*] Mounsier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, *puericia* with a horne added. 50

Pag. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. *Quis quis*, thou Consonant?

26-7. *call abhominable:* call abbominable–1Q.
27. *infamie:* insanie–Theobald. *ne:* anne–Globe.
30. *Bome boon for boon prescian:* Bon, bon, fort bon! Priscian –Capell, Cambridge. 36. *Quari:* Quare–Hanmer.

Pag. The last of the five Vowels if You repeat them, or the fift if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e I.

Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the salt wave of the mediteranium, a sweet tutch, a quicke venewe[1] of wit, snip snap, quick & home, it rejoyceth my intellect, true wit. [1] *sally*

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *unum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O & the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a joyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to, thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dunghel* for *unguem.*

Brag. Arts-man preambulat, we will bee singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charghouse[2] on the top of the Mountaine? [2] *school-house*

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *sans question.*

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and af-

54. *The last:* The third–THEOBALD. 65. *disputes:* **disputest–2-4F.**
68. *unum cita:* **circum circa–THEOBALD.**
78. *singled:* **singuled–1Q.**

fection, to congratulate the Princesse at her Pavilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped. The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noone: the word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe assure you sir, I doe assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene us, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & most serious designes, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leane upon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of travell, that hath seene the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart, I do implore secrecie, that the King would have mee present the Princesse (sweet chucke) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I have acquainted you withall, to the end to crave your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to bee

96. *importunate:* important–1Q.
114. *Holofernes* out–Rowe.

rendred by our assistants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them?

Peda. Josua, your selfe: my selfe, and this gallant gentleman *Judas Machabeus*; this Swaine (because of his great limme or joynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, hee is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I have audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* shall bee strangling a Snake; and I will have an Apologie for that purpose.

Pag. An excellent device: so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will have, if this fadge[1] not, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

[1] *suit*

Ped. Via good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither sir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

116. *the Kings:* at the king's—2-4F.
146. *Alone:* Allons!—Rowe.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.[1]

[1] *country dance*

Ped. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *The same.*]

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much love in Rime,
As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene five thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a shrewd unhappy gallowes too.

Ros. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy, and so she died: had she beene Light like you, of such a merrie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere she died. And so may you: For a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light word?

Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Ros. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

147-8. 2 rhymed ll.–Dyce. 4. new l. at **Look**–Pope.
9. *Writ on:* **Writ o' (a')**–1Q.
16-8. *of such .. long:* 3 five-accent ll.–2-4F.
17. *might a:* **might ha'**–1Q.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.
Ros. Look what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke.
Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.
Ros. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.
Ka. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason: for past carᵉ, is still past cure.
Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But *Rosaline*, you have a Favour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Favour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay, I have Verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.
Qu. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.
Qu. Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion.
Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.
Ros. Ware pensals. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.
Qu. [*Kath.*] A Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all Shrowes: |
[*Prin.*] But *Katherine*, what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?
Kat. Madame, this Glove.
Qu. Did he not send you twaine?

29. *care ... cure:* cure ... care–1Q. 34. *And if:* An if–Capell.
45. *pensals:* pencils–Rowe. *How:* ho–Hanmer.
47. *were full:* were not so full–1Q. 49-50. 1 l.–Malone.

Kat. Yes Madame: and moreover,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Lover.
A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.
Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longavile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
Qu. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.
Mar. I, or I would these hands might never part.
Quee. We are wise girles to mocke our Lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes.
And shape his service wholly to my device,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests.
So pertaunt like would I o'resway his state,
That he shold be my foole, and I his fate.
Qu. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisedome hatch'd:
Hath wisedoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?
Ros. The bloud of youth burns not with such excesse,
As gravities revolt to wantons be.
Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

59. *thou wish:* **thou not wish**–2-4F.
69. *device:* **hests**–Dyce.
72. *fate:* **fate**–1Q.
78. *wantons be:* **wantonness**–2-4F.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.
Boy. O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?
Qu. Thy newes *Boyet?*
Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace, Love doth approach, disguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.
Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.
Qu. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath against us? Say scout say.
Boy. Under the coole shade of a Siccamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest,
The King and his companions: warely
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And over-heard, what you shall over-heare:
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty knavish Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majesticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:
Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously.
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not evill:
I should have fear'd her, had she beene a devill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,

84. *mirth in:* mirth is in–1Q.

Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zelous laughter so profound,
That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their folly passions solemne teares.
Quee. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, as I gesse.
Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,
And every one his Love-feat will advance,
Unto his severall Mistresse: which they'll know
By favours severall, which they did bestow.
Queen. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will every one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall have the grace
Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.
Hold *Rosaline*, this Favour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.
And change your Favours too, so shall your Loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.
Rosa. Come on then, weare the favours most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Queen. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:

128. *parlee:* parle—CAPELL.
140. *your Favours:* you favours—1Q.

They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their severall counsels they unbosome shall,
To Loves mistooke, and so be mockt withall.
Upon the next occasion that we meete,
With Visages displayd to talke and greete.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us too't?
Quee. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shall we stay mocking entended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with shame. *Sound.*
Boy. The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers come. [*The ladies mask.*]

Enter Black moores with musicke, the Boy [*Moth*] *with a speech,* | *and the rest of the Lords disguised.*

Page. All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.
Ber. [*Boyet*] Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Pag. A holy parcell of the fairest dames that ever turn'd | *their backes to mortall viewes.*
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Ber. [*Aside to Moth*] Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes. Out
Boy. True, out indeed.

155. *keepers:* speaker's–1Q. 158. *ere:* ne'er–2-4F.

Pag. *Out of your favours heavenly spirits vouchsafe*
Not to beholde.
Ber. [*Aside to Moth*] Once to behold, rogue.
Pag. *Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,*
With your Sunne beamed eyes.
Boy. They will not answer to that Epythite,
You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.
Bero. Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue.
[*Exit Moth.*]
Rosa. What would these strangers?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will
That some plaine man recount their purposes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Rosa. Why that they have, and bid them so be gon.
Boy. She saies you have it, and you may be gon.
Kin. Say to her we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.
Boy. They say that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.
Rosa. It is not so. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they have measur'd manie,
The measure then of one is easlie told.
Boy. If to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princesse bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?

185-6. 1 l.—Pope. 190. *Princes:* princess—4F.
197. *you on the:* her on this—1Q.

Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.
Boy. She heares her selfe.
Rosa. How manie wearie steps,
Of many wearie miles you have ore-gone,
Are numbred in the travell of one mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,
That we may doe it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like savages) may worship it.
Rosa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.
Kin. Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,
(Those clouds remooved) upon our waterie eyne.[1] [1] *eyes*
Rosa. O vaine peticioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water.
Kin. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.
Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.
Rosa. Play musicke then: nay you must doe it soone.
[*Music plays.*]
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.
Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Rosa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now shee's changed?
Kin. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.
Rosa. [*King*] The musick playes, vouchsafe some motion to | it: [*Rosa.*] Our eares vouchsafe it.
Kin. But your legges should doe it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

222. *vouchsafe but:* do but vouchsafe—Q.
232. new l. at Our—THEOBALD.

Kin. Why take you hands then?
Rosa. Onelie to part friends.
Curtsie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.
Kin. More measure of this measure, be not nice.
Rosa. We can afford no more at such a price.
Kin. Prise your selves: What buyes your companie?
Rosa. Your absence onelie.
Kin. That can never be.
Rosa. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.
Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.
Ros. In private then.
Kin. I am best pleas'd with that.
[*They converse apart.*]
Be. White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.
Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen sweets.
Qu. Seventh sweet adue, since you can cogg,[1]
Ile play no more with you.
[1] *cheat*
Ber. One word in secret.
Qu. Let it not be sweet.
Ber. Thou greev'st my gall.
Qu. Gall, bitter.
Ber. Therefore meete. [*They converse apart.*]
Du. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Faire Ladie.
Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.

236. *you:* we–1Q. 241. *your selves:* you yourselves–1Q.
253-5. 2 rhymed ll.–2Rowe. 265. *you* out–1Q.

Du. Please it you,
As much in private, and Ile bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*]
Mar. [*Kath.*] What, was your vizard made without a tong? |
Long. I know the reason Ladie why you aske.
Mar. [*Kath.*] O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask.
And would affoord my speechlesse vizard halfe.
Mar. [*Kath.*] Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a | Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?
Mar. [*Kath.*] No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. [*Kath.*] No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may prove an Oxe.
Long. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe mockes.
Will you give hornes chast Ladie? Do not so.
Mar. [*Kath.*] Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow. |
Lon. One word in private with you ere I die.
Mar. [*Kath.*] Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry. | [*They converse apart.*]
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, invisible:
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Above the sense of sence so sensible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, swifter things
Rosa. Not one word more my maides, breake off, breake off.

280. *but:* butt–1Q.

Ber. By heaven, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.
King. Farewell madde Wenches, you have simple wits. *Exeunt.*
Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muscovits.
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes puft out.
Rosa. Wel-liking wits they have, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.
Qu. O povertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themselves to night?
Or ever but in vizards shew their faces:
This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.
Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases.
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.
Qu. *Berowne* did sweare himselfe out of all suite.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my service, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my servant straight was mute.
Ka. Lord *Longavill* said I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he call'd me?
Qu. Qualme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Qu. Go sicknesse as thou art.
Ros. Well, better wits have worne plain statute caps,
But wil you heare; the King is my love sworne.
Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longavill* was for my service borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistresses give eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
Qu. Will they returne?

306. *They:* O, they–2-4F.

Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for joy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Favours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.
Qu. How blow? how blow? Speake to bee understood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.
Qu. Avant perplexitie: What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?
Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be advis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let us complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguis'd like Muscovites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow showes, and Prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.
Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest [*in their proper habits*].

King. Faire sir, God save you. Wher's the Princesse?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.
Please it your Majestie command me any service to her?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes up wit as Pigeons pease,
And utters it againe, when *Jove* doth please.

350-1. *Gone .. Majestie:* 1 l.–Capell.
351. *to her:* to her thither–1Q. 354. *pickes:* pecks–1Q.
355. *Jove:* God–1Q.

He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,
At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeve.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
He can carve too, and lispe: Why this is he,
That kist away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plaies at Tables,[1] chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can sing
A meane [2] most meanly, and in Ushering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.
The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on everie one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consciences that wil not die in debt,
Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued *Boyet*.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

[1] *backgammon*
[2] *tenor part*

Enter the Ladies [*ushered by Boyet*].

Ber. See where it comes. Behaviour what wer't thou,
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?

King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.

Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Qu. Then wish me better, I wil give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.

362. *He can:* A' can–1Q.
363. *away his hand:* his hand away–1Q.
373. *dutie:* due–1Q.

Qu. This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.
Q. You nickname vertue: vice you should have spoke:
For vertues office never breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the unsallied Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.
Kin. O you have liv'd in desolation heere,
Unseene, unvisited, much to our shame.
Qu. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We have had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,
A messe of Russians left us but of late.
Kin. How Madam? Russians?
Qu. I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.
Rosa. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curtesie gives undeserving praise.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not blesse us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine have drinke.
Ber. This jest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greete

390. *men:* men's–1Q. 392. *unsallied:* unsullied–2-4F.
409. *Russia:* Russian–1Q.2-4F.
414. *Gentle:* Fair gentle–2-4F. 415. *wits:* wit–2-4F.

With eies best seeing, heavens fierie eie:
By light we loose light; your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your huge stoore,
Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich: for in my eie
Ber. I am a foole, and full of povertie.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.
Ros. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot give you lesse.
Ros. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?
Ber. Where? when? What Vizard?
Why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.
Kin. We are discried,
They'l mocke us now downeright.
Du. Let us confesse, and turne it to a jest.
Que. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes sadde?
Rosa. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l sound: why looke | you pale?
Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscovie.
Ber. Thus poure the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brasse hold longer out?
Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wish thee never more to dance,

427. *what it:* was it–1Q. 428-9. 1 l.–1Q.
432-3. 1 l.–1Q. 437. *sound:* swoon (swound)–2-4F.

Nor never more in Russian habit waite.
O! never will I trust to speeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songue,
Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;
Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
Have blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forsweare them, and I heere protest,
By this white Glove (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest
In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.
And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,
My love to thee is sound, *sans* cracke or flaw.
Rosa. *Sans*, *sans*, I pray you.
Ber. Yet I have a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
Ile leave it by degrees: soft, let us see,
Write *Lord have mercie on us*, on those three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These Lords are visited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you do I see.
Qu. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
Ber. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.
Ber. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Ber. Speake for your selves, my wit is at an end.

453. *affection:* affectation–Rowe.
460. *law:* la!–Capell.

King. Teach us sweete Madame, for our rude transgression, some faire excuse.

Qu. The fairest is confession. 480
Were you not heere but even now, disguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Qu. And were you well advis'd?

Kin. I was faire Madam.

Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

King. That more then all the world I did respect her

Qu. When shee shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine Honor no. 490

Qu. Peace, peace, forbeare:
your oath once broke, you force not to forsweare.

King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.

Qu. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline*,
What did the Russian whisper in your eare?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Above this World: adding thereto moreover,
That he would Wed me, or else die my Lover.

Qu. God give thee joy of him: the Noble Lord 500
Most honorably doth uphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I never swore this Ladie such an oth.

Ros. By heaven you did; and to confirme it plaine,
you gave me this: But take it sir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did give,
I knew her by this Jewell on her sleeve.

Qu. Pardon me sir, this Jewell did she weare,

478-80. 2 rhymed ll.—1Q. 481. *you not:* not you—1Q.
502-4. 2 rhymed ll.—1Q.

And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you have me, or your Pearle againe?
Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.
I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,[1]
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,[2]
Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, som Dick
That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd;
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The Ladies did change Favours; and then we
Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.
Now to our perjurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.
Much upon this tis: and might not you [*To Boyet*]
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier?[3]
And laugh upon the apple of her eie?
And stand betweene her backe sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrilie?
You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.
You leere upon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Leaden sword.
Boy. Full merrily hath this brave manager, this carreere bene run.
Ber. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I have don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.
Clo. O Lord sir, they would kno,

[1] *conspiracy*
[2] *clown*
[3] *rule*

525. *tis:* it is–2-4F. 533-7. 4 rhymed ll.–2Rowe.
535. *manager:* manage–Theobald.

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clo. No sir, but it is vara fine,
For everie one pursents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Clo. Not so sir, under correction sir, I hope it is not so. You cannot beg us sir, I can assure you sir, we know what we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.

Ber. Is not nine.

Clo. Under correction sir, wee know where-untill it doth amount.

Ber. By Jove, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your living by reckning sir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clo. O Lord sir, the parties themselves, the actors sir will shew where-untill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great sir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clo. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*

Clo. We will turne it finely off sir, we wil take some care.

King. Berowne, they will shame us:
Let them not approach.

Ber. We are shame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis some policie, to have one shew worse then the Kings and his companie.

546-8. 2 rhymed ll. ending **we know**—CAPELL.
561. *Pompey:* **Pompion**—2ROWE. 567-8. 1 l.—1Q.
569-71. 2 ll. ending **policy, company**—1Q.

Kin. I say they shall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeale strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annointed, I implore so much expence of thy royall sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words. [*Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.*]

Qu. Doth this man serve God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He speak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch: For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantasticall: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they say) to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of minde most royall cupplement. [*Exit.*]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies; He presents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the Parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Judas Machabeus*: And if these foure Worthies in their first shew thrive, these foure will change habites, and present the other five.

Ber. There is five in the first shew.

Kin. You are deceived, tis not so.

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the Foole, and the Boy,

589. *delaguar:* de la guerra—THEOBALD.
594-6. *And if, etc.:* 2 rhymed ll.—2ROWE.

Abate[1] throw at Novum,[2] and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out five such, take each one in's vaine.
Kin. The ship is under saile, and here she coms amain.

[1]*except* [2]*a rare throw*

Enter Pompey.

Clo. *I Pompey am.*
Ber. [*Boyet*] You lie, you are not he.
Clo. *I Pompey am.*
Boy. With Libbards[3] head on knee. [3] *Leopard's*
Ber. Well said old mocker,
I must needs be friends with thee.
Clo. *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big.*
Du. The great.
Clo. It is great sir: *Pompey surnam'd the great:*
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to sweat:
And travailing along this coast, I heere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of France.
If your Ladiship would say thankes *Pompey*, I had done.
La. Great thankes great *Pompey.*
Clo. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.
Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey prooves the best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the worldes Com- | mander:*
By East, West, North, & South, I spred my conqnering might |

602. *pricke .. in's:* pick .. in his–1Q.
628. *conqnering:* conquering–1Q.

My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alisander.

Boiet. Your nose saies no, you are not: 630
For it stands too right.

Ber. Your nose smels no, in this most tender smelling Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is dismaid:
Proceede good *Alexander.*

Cur. When in the world I lived, I was the worldes Com- | mander.

Boiet. Most true, 'tis right: you were so *Alisander.*

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. your servant and *Costard.* 640

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*

Clo. O sir, you have overthrowne *Alisander* the conqueror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stoole, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Alisander.* There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dasht. He is a marvellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie good Bowler: but for *Alisander,* alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming, will speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Cu.* 652

Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Judas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe,
Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus,*
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*:

630-1. 1 l.–1Q.
634-5. 1 l.–1Q.
649. *insooth:* faith–1Q.
656. *Canus:* canis–Rowe.

Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe some state in thy *exit*, and vanish. *Exit Boy*
Ped. Judas *I am.*
Dum. A Judas?
Ped. *Not Iscariot sir.*
Judas I am, ycliped Machabeus.
Dum. *Judas Machabeus* clipt, is plaine Judas.
Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas*?
Ped. *Judas I am.*
Dum. The more shame for you *Judas*.
Ped. What meane you sir?
Boi. To make *Judas* hang himselfe.
Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.
Ber. Well follow'd, *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.
Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.
Ber. Because thou hast no face.
Ped. What is this?
Boi. A Citterne head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Ber. A deaths face in a ring.
Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.
Boi. The pummell of *Cæsars* Faulchion.
Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a Flaske.
Ber. S. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.
Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.
Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance
Ped. You have put me out of countenance.
Ber. False, we have given thee faces.
Ped. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Ber. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do so.
Boy. Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go:
And so adieu sweet *Jude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the *Asse* to the *Jude:* give it him. *Jud-as* away.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monsieur *Judas*, it growes darke, he may stumble. [*Hol. retires.*]

Que. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath hee beene baited.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. *Hector* was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boi. But is this *Hector*?

Kin. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.[1]

Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector*.

[1] *shapely*

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Boi. No, he is best indued in the small.

Ber. This cannot be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gave* Hector *a gift.*

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloves.

Dum. No cloven.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pavillion.

709. *Hector:* Hector's—1Q.

720. *The Armipotent:* Peace! The, etc.—CAPELL.

I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweet Lord *Longavill* reine thy tongue.

Lon. I must rather give it the reine: for it runnes against *Hector*.

Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.

Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:
[When he breathed he was a man:]
But I will forward with my device; [*To the Princess*]
Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steppes forth.

Qu. Speake brave Hector, we are much delighted.

Brag. I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

Boy. [*Aside to Dum.*] Loves her by the foot.

Dum. [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.

Brag. *This Hector farre surmounted Hanniball.*
The partie is gone.

Clo. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths on her way.

Brag. What meanest thou?

Clo. Faith unlesse you play the honest Troyan, the poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags in her belly alreadie: tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

Clo. Then shall Hector be whipt for *Jaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey*.

732-3. bracketed l.–1Q. 741. In text, next l.–THEOBALD.

Boi. Renowned *Pompey.*

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey: Pompey* the huge.

Dum. Hector trembles.

Ber. *Pompey* is moved, more Atees more Atees stirre them, or stirre them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Ber. I, if a'have no more mans blood in's belly, then will sup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Clo. I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile slash, Ile do it by the sword: I pray you let mee borrow my Armes againe.

Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies.

Clo. Ile do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey.*

Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower: Do you not see *Pompey* is uncasing for the combat: what meane you? you will lose your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.

Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Ber. What reason have you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt, I go woolward for penance.

Boy. True, and it was injoyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but a dishclout of *Jaquenettas*, and that hee weares next his heart for a favour.

759. *them, or:* them on–Rowe. 765. *pray:* bepray–1Q.
783. *hee weares:* a' wears–1Q.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God save you Madame.

Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Marc. I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heavie in my tongue. ' The King your father

Qu. Dead for my life.

Mar. Even so: My tale is told.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I have seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies

Kin. How fare's your Majestie?

Qu. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.

Qu. Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endevours and entreats:
Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisedome to excuse, or hide,
The liberall opposition of our spirits,
If over-boldly we have borne our selves,
In the converse of breath (your gentlenesse
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
A heavie heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuse me so, comming so short of thankes,
For my great suite, so easily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes
All causes to the purpose of his speed:
And often at his verie loose decides

787-90. *but that, etc.:* 3 five-accent ll.–Rowe, Capell.
809. *humble:* nimble–Theobald. 810. *so short:* too short–1Q.

That, which long processe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the smiling curtesie of Love:
The holy suite which faine it would convince,
Yet since loves argument was first on foote,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,
Is not by much so wholsome profitable,
As to rejoyce at friends but newly found.
Qu. I understand you not, my greefes are double.
Ber. Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of griefe
And by these badges understand the King,
For your faire sakes have we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humors
Even to the opposed end of our intents.
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous:
As Love is full of unbefitting straines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes
Varying in subjects as the eie doth roule,
To everie varied object in his glance:
Which partie-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if in your heavenly eies,
Have misbecom'd our oathes and gravities.
Those heavenlie eies that looke into these faults,
Suggested[1] us to make: therefore Ladies
Our love being yours, the error that Love makes
Is likewise yonrs. We to our selves prove false,
By being once false, for ever to be true

[1] *tempted*

825. *ears:* ear–1Q.
835. *straying:* strange–Capell.
844. *yonrs:* yours–1Q.

To those that make us both, faire Ladies you.
And even that falshood in it selfe a sinne,
Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace.
Qu. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Love·
Your Favours, the Ambassadors of Love.
And in our maiden counsaile rated them,
At courtship, pleasant jest, and curtesie,
As bumbast and as lining to the time:
But more devout then these are our respects
Have we not bene, and therefore met your loves
In their owne fashion, like a merriment.
Du. Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then jest.
Lon. So did our lookes.
Rosa. We did not coat them so.
Kin. Now at the latest minute of the houre,
Grant us your loves.
Qu. A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in;
No, no my Lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this:
If for my Love (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me.
Your oth I will not trust: but go with speed
To some forlorne and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world:
There stay, untill the twelve Celestiall Signes
Have brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this austere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds[1]
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Love,

[1] *clothing*

854. *then these are:* than this in–HANMER.
859. *coat:* quote–CAPELL. 872. *their:* the–1Q.

But that it beare this triall, and last love:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine,
I will be thine: and till that instant shut
My wofull selfe up in a mourning house,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
If this thou do denie, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others hart.
Kin. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sodaine hand of death close up mine eie.
Hence ever then, my heart is in thy brest.
Ber. And what to me my Love? and what to me?
Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and perjurie:
Therefore if you my favor meane to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke.
Du. But what to me my love? but what to me?
Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
With three-fold love, I wish you all these three.
Du. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?
Kat. Not so my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,
Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I have much love, Ile give you some.
Dum. Ile serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.
Lon. What saies *Maria*?
Mari. At the twelvemonths end,

898. *A wife:* given to Dumain—Dyce.

Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend:
Lon. Ile stay with patience: but the time is long.
Mari. The liker you, few taller are so yong.
Ber. Studies my Ladie? Mistresse, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble suite attends thy answer there,
Impose some service on me for my love.
Ros. Oft have I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man repleate with mockes,
Full of comparisons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You shall this twelvemonth terme from day to day,
Visite the speechlesse sicke, and still converse
With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endevour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Ber. To move wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot move a soule in agonie.
Ros. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fooles:
A jests prosperitie, lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,

915. *my love:* thy love—1Q.

And I will have you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shal finde you emptie of that fault,
Right joyfull of your reformation.

Ber. A twelvemonth? Well: befall what will befall, Ile jest a twelvemonth in an Hospitall.

Qu. [*To the King*] I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leave.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our woing doth not end like an old Play:
Jacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might wel have made our sport a Comedie.

Kin. Come sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twil end.

Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Majesty vouchsafe me.

Qu. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.

Brag. I wil kisse thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a Votarie, I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to holde the Plough for her sweet love three yeares. But most esteemed greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men have compiled, in praise of the Owle and the Cuckow? It should have followed in the end of our shew.

Kin. Call them forth quickely, we will do so.

Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,

969-72. prose—MALONE.

Th'other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Dasies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-smockes all silver white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on everie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Unpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
The Cuckow then on everie tree
Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Unpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Isicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sphepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle

975. shifted after 976–THEOBALD.
994. *Sphepheard:* shepherd (Sheepheard)–1Q.

Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greasie Jone doth keele[1] the pot.

[1] *stir* or *skim*

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parsons saw:
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:
A merrie note,
While greasie Jone doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

999, 1008. *to-who:* prefixed next l.–CAPELL.
1011-13. prose–MALONE.

FINIS.

THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SOLINUS, *duke of Ephesus.*
ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse.*
ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus,* } *twin brothers, and sons*
ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse,* } *to Ægeon and Æmilia.*
DROMIO *of Ephesus,* } *twin brothers, and attendants*
DROMIO *of Syracuse,* } *on the two Antipholuses.*
BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*
ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*
First Merchant, *friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*
Second Merchant, *to whom Angelo is a debtor.*
PINCH, *a schoolmaster.*

ÆMILIA, *wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.*
ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*
LUCIANA, *her sister.*
LUCE, *servant to Adriana.*
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE : *Ephesus.*]

Hall of Gray's Inn, where "The Comedy of Errors" was acted during the Christmas revels, in 1594. According to Halliwell Phillipps, this is one of the two buildings still standing in London in which any of Shakespeare's plays were given during his lifetime

THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS

Actus primus, Scena prima.

[*A hall in the Duke's palace.*]

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant [*Ægeon*] *of Siracusa, Jaylor, and other attendants.*

Marchant [*Ægeon.*].

PROCEED *Solinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Siracusa*, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds,
Excludes all pitty from our threatning lookes:
For since the mortall and intestine jarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and us,
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the *Siracusians* and our selves,
To admit no trafficke to our adverse townes:

Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus*
Be seene at any *Siracusian* Marts and Fayres:
Againe, if any *Siracusian* borne
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,[1]
Unlesse a thousand markes be levied
To quit the penalty, and to ransome him:
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening Sonne.

Duk. Well *Siracusian*; say in briefe the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.

Mer. A heavier taske could not have beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes unspeakeable:
Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracusa* was I borne, and wedde
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamium*, till my factors death,
And he great care of goods at randone left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not sixe moneths olde,
Before her selfe (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women beare)

[1] *disposal*

20-1. *Nay more:* 1 l., new l. at If ends seen–Malone.
46. *And he:* And the–Theobald. *randone:* random–3-4F.

Had made provision for her following me,
And soone, and safe, arrived where I was:
There had she not beene long, but she became
A joyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the selfe-same Inne,
A meane woman was delivered
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanely prowd of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Unwilling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboord.
A league from *Epidamium* had we saild
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
Gave any Tragicke Instance[1] of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convay unto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my selfe would gladly have imbrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me,
And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
And left the ship then sinking ripe to us.
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had fastned him unto a small spare Mast,

[1] *indication*

58. *meane:* meaner–Delius. 64. *wee came aboord:* 1 l.–Pope.

Such as sea-faring men provide for stormes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'st I had beene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our selves at eyther end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the sonne gazing upon the earth,
Disperst those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The seas waxt calme, and we discovered
Two shippes from farre, making amaine to us:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidarus* this,
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.

Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,
For we may pitty, though not pardon thee.

Merch. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily tearm'd them mercilesse to us:
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne up,
Our helpefull ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened
With lesser waight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the winde,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.

105. *up:* upon–Pope (up upon–2-4F.).

At length another ship had seiz'd on us,
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would have reft the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very slow of saile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.
Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Doe me the favour to dilate at full,
What have befalne of them and they till now.
Merch. My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteene yeeres became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant, so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the quest of him:
Whom whil'st I laboured of a love to see,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lov'd.
Five Sommers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus:*
Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But heere must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my travells warrant me they live.
Duke. Haplesse *Egeon* whom the fates have markt
To beare the extremitie of dire mishap:
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,

119. *backe:* bark–2-4F.
126. *have .. and they :* hath .. and thee–Pope (*of* out–4F.)

Which Princes would they may not disanull,
My soule should sue as advocate for thee:
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great disparagement:
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the summe,
And live: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Jaylor, take him to thy custodie.

Jaylor. I will my Lord.

Merch. Hopelesse and helpelesse doth *Egean* wend,
But to procrastinate his livelesse end. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *The Mart.*]

Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of *Epidamium*,
Lest that your goods too soone be confiscate:
This very day a *Syracusian* Marchant
Is apprehended for a rivall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the towne,
Dies ere the wearie sunne set in the West;
There is your monie that I had to keepe.

Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we host,
And stay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,

5. *a rivall:* arrival–2F.

For with long travaile I am stiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, having so good a meane.

Exit Dromio.

Ant. A trustie villaine sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?

E. Mar. I am invited sir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon, soone[1] at five a clocke, [1] *about*
Please you, Ile meete with you upon the Mart,
And afterward consort you till bed time:
My present businesse cals me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe loose my selfe,
And wander up and downe to view the Citie.

E. Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.

Exeunt.

Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Unseene, inquisitive) confounds himselfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (unhappie a) loose my selfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soone.

43. *unhappie a: a* out–2-4F.

E. Dro. Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit;
The clocke hath strucken twelve upon the bell:
My Mistris made it one upon my cheeke:
She is so hot because the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you have no stomacke:
You have no stomacke, having broke your fast:
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.
Ant. Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray?
Where have you left the mony that I gave you.
E. Dro. Oh sixe pence that I had a wensday last,
To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a sportive humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.
E. Dro. I pray you jest sir as you sit at dinner:
I from my Mistris come to you in post:
If I returne I shall be post indeede.
For she will scoure your fault upon my pate:
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger.
Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of season,
Reserve them till a merrier houre then this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
E. Dro. To me sir? why you gave no gold to me?
Ant. Come on sir knave, have done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the Mart

69. *scoure:* score–Rowe. 70. *cooke:* clock–Pope.

Home to your house, the *Phœnix* sir, to dinner;
My Mistris and her sister staies for you.
Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my monie;
Or I shall breake that merrie sconce[1] of yours [1] *head*
That stands on tricks, when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?
E. Dro. I have some markes of yours upon my pate:
Some of my Mistris markes upon my shoulders:
But not a thousand markes betweene you both.
If I should pay your worship those againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.
Ant. Thy Mistris markes? what Mistris slave hast thou?
E. Dro. Your worships wife, my Mistris at the *Phœnix*;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:
And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face
Being forbid? There take you that sir knave.
E. Dro. What meane you sir, for God sake hold your hands: |
Nay, and you will not sir, Ile take my heeles.

Exeunt Dromio Ep.

Ant. Upon my life by some devise or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought[2] of all my monie. [2] *cheated*
They say this towne is full of cosenage:[3] [3] *cheating*
As nimble Juglers that deceive the eie:
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:
Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebankes;
And manie such like liberties of sinne:

97. *God:* God's–HANMER.
101. *ore-wrought:* o'er-raught–HANMER.

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner:
Ile to the Centaur to goe seeke this slave,
I greatly feare my monie is not safe. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

[Scene i. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with Luciana her Sister.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.
Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath invited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good Sister let us dine, and never fret;
A man is Master of his libertie:
Time is their Master, and when they see time,
They'll goe or come; if so, be patient Sister.
Adr. Why should their libertie then ours be more?
Luc. Because their businesse still lies out adore.
Adr. Looke when I serve him so, he takes it thus.
Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lasht with woe:
There's nothing situate under heavens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles
Are their males subjects, and at their controules:
Man more divine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry seas,

14. *adore:* o' door–CAPELL. 15. *thus:* ill–2-4F.
23. *Man .. Master:* Men .. masters–HANMER.
24. *Lord:* Lords–HANMER.

Indued with intellectuall sence and soules,
Of more preheminence then fish and fowles,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adri. This servitude makes you to keepe unwed.
Luci. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.
Adr. But were you wedded, you wold bear some sway
Luc. Ere I learne love, Ile practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where?
Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbeare.
Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause,
They can be meeke, that have no other cause:
A wretched soule bruis'd with adversitie,
We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
But were we burdned with like waight of paine,
As much, or more, we should our selves complaine:
So thou that hast no unkinde mate to greeve thee,
With urging helpelesse patience would releeve me;
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This foole-beg'd[1] patience in thee will be left.
Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

[1] *foolishly demanded*

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie master now at hand?
E. Dro. Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my two eares can witnesse.
Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou his minde?
E. Dro. I, I, he told his minde upon mine eare, Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

42. *would:* wouldst–Rowe. 49. *too hands:* two hands–2-4F.

Luc. Spake hee so doubtfully, thou couldst not feele his meaning.

E. Dro. Nay, hee strooke so plainly, I could too well feele his blowes; and withall so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adri. But say, I prethee, is he comming home? It seemes he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why Mistresse, sure my Master is horne mad.

Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine?

E. Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But sure he is starke mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:
'Tis dinner time quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he;
Where is the thousand markes I gave thee villaine?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
My mistresse, sir, quoth I: hang up thy Mistresse:
I know not thy mistresse, out on thy mistresse.

Luci. Quoth who?

E. Dr. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistresse: so that my arrant due unto my tongue, I thanke him, I bare home upon my shoulders: for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adri. Go back againe, thou slave, & fetch him home.

Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home? For Gods sake send some other messenger.

Adri. Backe slave, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse.

Dro. And he will blesse that crosse with other beating: Betweene you, I shall have a holy head.

70. *come:* come home–Hanmer.
67. *hundred:* thousand–2F.
76-9. *I know, etc.:* 4 five-accent ll.–Pope.
77. *arrant:* errand–4F.

Adri. Hence prating pesant, fetch thy Master home.
Dro. Am I so round[1] with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe spurne me thus:
You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[1] *plain-spoken* [*Exit.*]
Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.
Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
Whil'st I at home starve for a merrie looke:
Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheeke? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,
Unkindnesse blunts it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay vestments his affections baite?
That's not my fault, hee's master of my state.
What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
[2] *stalking-horse*
A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire.
But, too unruly Deere, he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his stale.[2]
Luci. Selfe-harming Jealousie; fie beat it hence.
Ad. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, a love he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
I see the Jewell best enamaled
Will loose his beautie. yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,

112. *a love:* alone–2-4F.

Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it shame:
Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
Ile weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.
Luci. How manie fond fooles serve mad Jelousie?
Exit.

[Scene ii. *A public place.*]

Enter Antipholis Errotis.

Ant. The gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull slave
Is wandred forth in care to seeke me out
By computation and mine hosts report.
I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first
I sent him from the Mart? see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracusia.

How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
As you love stroakes, so jest with me againe:
You know no *Centaur*? you receiv'd no gold?
Your Mistresse sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the *Phœnix*? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madlie thou did didst answere me?
S. Dro. What answer sir? when spake I such a word?
E. Ant. Even now, even here, not halfe an howre since.
S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gave me.
Ant. Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receit,
And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner,
For which I hope thou feltst I was displeas'd.
S. Dro: I am glad to see you in this merrie vaine,
What meanes this jest, I pray you Master tell me?

117. *Where:* Wear–Theobald. 14. *did didst:* didst–2F.

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeere & flowt me in the teeth?
Thinkst thou I jest? hold, take thou that, & that.
Beats Dro.

S. Dr. Hold sir, for Gods sake, now your jest is earnest,
Upon what bargaine do you give it me?

Antiph. Because that I familiarlie sometimes
Doe use you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your sawcinesse will jest upon my love,
And make a Common of my serious howres,
When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S. Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head, and you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and Insconce it to, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro, Nothing sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. I sir, and wherefore; for they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why first for flowting me, and then wherefore, for urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever anie man thus beaten out of season, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reason. Well sir, I thanke you.

Ant. Thanke me sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

38. *and:* an–Rowe. 48. new l. at For–Capell.
49-51. 2 rhymed ll. ending reason–Pope, 2Rowe.

Ant. Ile make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?

S. Dro. No sir, I thinke the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time sir: what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well sir, then 'twill be drie.

S. Dro. If it be sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you chollericke, and purchase me another drie basting.

Ant. Well sir, learne to jest in good time, there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have denied that before you were so chollericke.

Anti. By what rule sir?

S. Dro. Marry sir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himselfe.

Ant. Let's heare it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his haire that growes bald by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recoverie?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recover the lost haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as it is) so plentifull an excrement?[1]

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on beasts, and what he hath scanted them in haire, hee hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire then wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his haire.

[1] *outgrowth*

81. *them:* men–2Pope.

Ant. Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he looseth it in a kinde of jollitie.

An. For what reason.

S. Dro. For two, and sound ones to.

An. Nay not sound I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

An. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.[1]

S. Dro. Certaine ones then.

[1] *apt to be falsified*

An. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to save the money that he spends in trying: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porrage.

An. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry and did sir: namely, in no time to recover haire lost by Nature.

An. But your reason was not substantiall, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himselfe is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will have bald followers.

An. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: but soft, who wafts us yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke strange and frowne,
Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou un-urg'd wouldst vow,
That never words were musicke to thine eare,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,

99. *trying:* tiring–Pope. 103. *in no time:* no time–2-4F.

That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thy selfe?
Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me:
That undividable Incorporate
Am better then thy deere selfes better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me;
For know my love: as easie maist thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take unmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.
How deerely would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldst thou but heare I were licencious?
And that this body consecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou doe it.
I am possest with an adulterate blot,
My bloud is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I doe digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion:
Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:

122. *then:* thus–Rowe. 138. *skin of:* skin off–Hanmer.
148. *distain'd:* unstained–Hanmer.

In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old,
As strange unto your towne, as to your talke,
Who every word by all my wit being scan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to understand.
Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.
Ant. By *Dromio*? *Drom.* By me.
Adr. By thee, and this thou didst returne from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you converse sir with this gentlewoman:
What is the course and drift of your compact?
S. Dro. I sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. Villaine thou liest, for even her verie words,
Didst thou deliver to me on the Mart.
S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names?
Unlesse it be by inspiration.
Adri. How ill agrees it with your gravitie,
To counterfeit thus grosely with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If ought possesse thee from me, it is drosse,
Usurping Ivie, Brier, or idle Mosse,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

153. *Wants:* **Want**–JOHNSON. 157. *Drom.* new l.–4F.
176. *stranger:* **stronger**–4F.

Ant. To mee shee speakes, shee moves[1] mee for her theame;
What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error drives our eies and eares amisse?
Untill I know this sure uncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.

[1] *appeals to*

Luc. *Dromio*, goe bid the servants spred for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner.
This is the Fairie land, oh spight of spights,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;
If we obay them not, this will insue:
They'll sucke our breath, or pinch us blacke and blew.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy selfe, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, thou snaile, thou slug, thou sot.

S. Dro. I am transformed Master, am I not?

Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine owne forme.

S. Dro. No, I am an Ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Asse.

S. Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse.
'Tis so, I am an Asse, else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knowes me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in the eie and weepe;
Whil'st man and Master laughes my woes to scorne:
Come sir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate:
Husband Ile dine above with you to day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle prankes:
Sirra, if any aske you for your Master,

188. *free'd:* offer'd–CAPELL.
196. *thou Dromio:* thou drone–THEOBALD.
208. *laughes:* laugh–POPE.

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come sister, *Dromio* play the Porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well advisde:
Knowne unto these, and to my selfe disguisde:
Ile say as they say, and persever so:
And in this mist at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Master, shall I be Porter at the gate?
Adr. I, and let none enter, least I breake your pate.
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine to late.
[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[*Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthaser the Merchant.

E. Anti. Good signior *Angelo* you must excuse us all,
My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres;
Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carkanet,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villaine that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
And that I did denie my wife and house;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?
E. Dro. Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to show;
If the skin were parchment, & the blows you gave were ink,
Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.
E. Ant. I thinke thou art an asse.
E. Dro. Marry so it doth appeare
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare,

I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.
E. An. Y'are sad signior *Balthazar*, pray God our cheer |
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.
E. An. Oh signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.
Bal. Good meat sir is common that every churle affords.
Anti. And welcome more common, for thats nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.
Anti. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you have, but not with better hart.
But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let us in.
E. Dro. Maud, Briget, Marian, Cisley, Gillian, Ginn.
S. Dro. [*Within*] Mome,[1] Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idi- | ot, Patch,
Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou calst for such store, |
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.
E. Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master stayes in the street.
S. Dro. [*Within*] Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee | catch cold on's feet.
E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the dore.
S. Dro. [*Within*] Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell | me wherefore.
Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to day.

[1] *buffoon*

48. *and:* an–Pope,2Rowe.

S. Dro. [*Within*] Nor to day here you must not come againe | when you may.
Anti. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe?
S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is *Dromio.*
E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name,
The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadst beene *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luce. [*Within*] What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are those | at the gate?
E. Dro. Let my Master in *Luce.*
Luce. [*Within*] Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your | Master.
E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, have at you with a Proverbe,
Shall I set in my staffe.
Luce. Have at you with another, that's when? can you tell?
S. Dro. [*Within*] If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce* thou hast an- | swer'd him well.
Anti. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let us in I hope?
Luce. I thought to have askt you.
S. Dro. And you said no.
E. Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow for blow.

68-72. *and so ... staffe:* 2 rhymed ll.—Pope, 2Rowe.

Anti. Thou baggage let me in.
Luce. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?
E. Drom. Master, knocke the doore hard.
Luce. [*Within*] Let him knocke till it ake.
Anti. You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.
Luce. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the | towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. [*Within*] Who is that at the doore that keeps all this noise? |
S. Dro. [*Within*] By my troth your towne is troubled with un- | ruly boies.
Anti. Are you there Wife? you might have come before.
Adri. [*Within*] Your wife sir knave? go get you from the dore. |
E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knave wold goe sore.
Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would faine have either.
Baltz. In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.
E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither.
Anti. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.
E. Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the cold.

110. *cake here:* cake there—Globe.

It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold.

Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

S. Dro. [*Within*] Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your | knaves pate.

E. Dro. A man may breake a word with your sir, and words are but winde:

I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

S. Dro. [*Within*] It seemes thou want'st breaking, out upon thee | hinde.

E. Dro. Here's too much out upon thee, I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. [*Within*] I, when fowles have no feathers, and fish have | no fin.

Ant. Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so;

For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without afether,

If a crow help us in sirra, wee'll plucke a crow together.

Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.

Balth. Have patience sir, oh let it not be so,

Heerein you warre against your reputation,

And draw within the compasse of suspect[1]

Th'unviolated honor of your wife.

Once this your long experience of your wisedome,

Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,

Plead on your part some cause to you unknowne;

And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the dores are made against you.

Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,

And let us to the Tyger all to dinner,

And about evening come your selfe alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint:

[1] *suspicion*

117. *your:* you–2-4F. 135. *your:* her–Rowe.

If by strong hand you offer to breake in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rowt
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hows'd, where it gets possession.

Anti. You have prevail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in despight of mirth meane to be merrie:
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I meane
My wife (but I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withall:
To her will we to dinner, [*To Ang.*] get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,
For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Upon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste:
Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me.

Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.

Anti. Do so, this jest shall cost me some expence.

Exeunt.

[Scene ii. *The same.*]

Enter Juliana [*Luciana*], *with Antipholus of Siracusia.*

Julia. [*Luc.*] And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husbands office? shall *Antipholus*
Even in the spring of Love, thy Love-springs rot?

Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-sake use her with more kindnesse:
Or if you like else-where doe it by stealth,
Muffle your false love with some shew of blindnesse:
Let not my sister read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:
Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:
Apparell vice like vertues harbenger:
Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
Ill deeds is doubled with an evill word:
Alas poore women, make us not beleeve
(Being compact of credit) that you love us,
Though others have the arme, shew us the sleeve:
We in your motion turne, and you may move us.
Then gentle brother get you in againe;
Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wise;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.

S. Anti. Sweete Mistris, what your name is else I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth divine.
Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:

5. *buildings:* building–Theobald. *ruinate:* ruinous–Capell.
17. *attaine:* attaint–Rowe.
21. *is:* are–2-4F.
22. *not:* but–Theobald.
27. *wise:* wife–2-4F.

Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit:
Smothred in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit:
Against my soules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknowne field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile veeld.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe:
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:[1] [1]*incline*
Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note,
To drowne me in thy sister floud of teares:
Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote:
Spread ore the silver waves thy golden haires;
And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious supposition thinke,
He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sinke.

Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reason so?

Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eie.

Ant. For gazing on your beames faire sun being by.

Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere your sight.

Ant. As good to winke sweet love, as looke on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? Call my sister so.

Ant. Thy sisters sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. No: it is thy selfe, mine owne selfes better part:
Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart;

48. *sister:* **sister's**–2-4F.
51. *bud:* **bed**–2-4F. *thee:* **them**-CAPELL. 59. *when:* **where** –POPE, 2ROWE. 62-5. 2 rhymed ll. ending No–POPE.

My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;
My sole earths heaven, and my heavens claime.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.
Luc. Oh soft sir, hold you still:
Ile fetch my sister to get her good will. *Exit.*

Enter Dromio, Siracusia.

Ant. Why how now *Dromio*, where run'st thou so fast?
S. Dro. Doe you know me sir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I your man? Am I my selfe?
Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy selfe.
Dro. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides my selfe.
Ant. What womans man? and how besides thy selfe?
Dro. Marrie sir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman: One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
Anti. What claime laies she to thee?
Dro. Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would have me as a beast, not that I beeing a beast she would have me, but that she being a verie beastly creature layes claime to me.
Anti. What is she?
Dro. A very reverent body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say sir reverence, I have but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Anti. How dost thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, & al grease, and I know not what use to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a *Poland* Winter: If she lives till doomesday, she'l burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

Anti. What complexion is she of?

Dro. Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? she sweats a man may goe over-shooes in the grime of it.

Anti. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No sir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not do it.

Anti. What's her name?

Dro. *Nell* Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Anti. Then she beares some bredth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: she is spherically, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Anti. In what part of her body stands *Ireland*?

Dro. Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

Ant, Where *Scotland*?

Dro. I found it by the barrennesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

Ant. Where *France*?

Dro. In her forhead, arm'd and reverted, making warre against her heire.

Ant. Where *England*?

115. *is:* and–THEOBALD.

Dro. I look'd for the chalkle Cliffes, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it stood in her chin by the salt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.

Ant. Where *Spaine*?

Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

Ant. Where *Americа*, the *Indies*?

Dro. Oh sir, upon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Armadoes of Carrects to be ballast at her nose. 141

Anti. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

Dro. Oh sir, I did not looke so low. To conclude, this drudge or Diviner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privie markes I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my brest had not beene made of faith, and my heart of steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtull[1] dog, & made me turne i'th wheele. [1] *docked-tail* 151

Anti. Go hie thee presently, post to the rode,
And if the winde blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,
Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
If everie one knowes us, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit* 160

Anti. There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:

132. *chalkle:* **chalky**–2-4F. 141. *Carrects:* **caracks**–HANMER.
148-51. *And I ... wheele:* 2 rhymed ll.–KNIGHT.
153. *And:* **An**–CAPELL.

She that doth call me husband, even my soule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister
Possest with such a gentle soveraigne grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe:
But least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong,
Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr *Antipholus.*

Anti. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine,
I thought to have tane you at the *Porpentine*,
The chaine unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Anti. What is your will that I shal do with this?

Ang. What please your selfe sir: I have made it for you.

Anti. Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you have:
Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,
And soone at supper time Ile visit you,
And then receive my money for the chaine.

Anti. I pray you sir receive the money now,
For feare you ne're see chaine, nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well. *Exit.*

Ant. What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell:
But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine,
That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine.
I see a man heere needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:
Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* stay,
If any ship put out, then straight away. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

[Scene i. *A public place.*]

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith [*Angelo*], *and an Officer.*

Mar. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Persia*, and want Gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or Ile attach you by this Officer.
Gold. [*Ang.*] Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaine, at five a clocke
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Courtizans.

Offi. That labour may you save: See where he comes.
Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou
And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But soft I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
Dro. I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.
Exit Dromio
Eph. Ant. A man is well holpe up that trusts to you,
I promised your presence, and the Chaine,

20. *their:* her–Rowe.

But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.
Gold. Saving your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the utmost charect,
The finenesse of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and stayes but for it.
Anti. I am not furnish'd with the present monie:
Besides I have some businesse in the towne,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disburse the summe, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soone as you.
Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your selfe.
Anti. No beare it with you, least I come not time enough.
Gold. Well sir, I will? Have you the Chaine about you?
Ant. And if I have not sir, I hope you have:
Or else you may returne without your money.
Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, give me the Chaine:
Both winde and tide stayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame have held him heere too long.
Anti. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the *Porpentine*,
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.
Mar. The houre steales on, I pray you sir dispatch.

32. *charect:* carat–Pope. 50. *And:* An–Rowe

Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.
Ant. Why give it to my wife, and fetch your mony.
Gold. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.
Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.
Mar. My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good sir say, whe'r you'l answer me, or no:
If not, Ile leave him to the Officer.
Ant. I answer you? What should I answer you.
Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.
Ant. I owe you none, till I receive the Chaine.
Gold. You know I gave it you halfe an houre since.
Ant. You gave me none, you wrong mee much to say so.
Gold. You wrong me more sir in denying it.
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Mar. Well Officer, arrest him at my suite.
Offi. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.
Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.
Ant. Consent to pay thee that I never had:
Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.
Gold. Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorne me so apparantly.
Offic. I do arrest you sir, you heare the suite.
Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee baile.
But sirrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,
As all the mettall in your shop will answer.
Gold. Sir, sir, I shall have Law in *Ephesus*,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.

Dro. Master, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,
That staies but till her Owner comes aboord,
And then sir she beares away. Our fraughtage sir,
I have convei'd aboord, and I have bought
The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and Aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blowes faire from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.

An. How now? a Madman? Why thou peevish sheep
What ship of *Epidamium* staies for me.

S. Dro. A ship you sent me too, to hier waftage.

Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a ropes end as soone,
You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Barke.

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your eares to list me with more heede:
To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's cover'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie,
There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,
And that shall baile me: hie thee slave, be gone,
On Officer to prison, till it come. *Exeunt*

S. Dromio. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabell did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compasse,
Thither I must, although against my will:
For servants must their Masters mindes fulfill. *Exit*

[Scene ii. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter Adriana and *Luciana.*

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austeerely in his eie,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.
Luc. First he deni'de you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my spight
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger heere.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perswasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.
Adr. Did'st speake him faire?
Luc. Have patience I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse every where:
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkinde,
Stigmaticall[1] in making worse in minde.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evill lost is wail'd, when it is gone.
Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I say:
And yet would herein others eies were worse:

[1] *deformed*

7. *Ob:* Of–2-4F.

Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away;
My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the deske, the purse, sweet now make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse then hell:
A divell in an everlasting garment hath him;
On whose hard heart is button'd up with steele:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittilesse and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe:
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Judgment carries poore soules to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is rested on the case.

Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?

S. Dro. I know not at whose suite he is arested well; but is in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I tell, will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in his deske.

Adr. Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he unknowne to me should be in debt:
Tell me, was he arested on a band?

41. *On:* One–2-4F. 42. *Fairie:* fury–2Pope.
46. *drifoot:* dry-foot–Rowe. 52-3. 2 rhymed ll.–Capell.
53. *is in:* he's in–3-4F. *rested:* 'rested–Theobald.
58. *Thus:* That–2-4F.

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.
Adria. What, the chaine?
S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.
Adr. The houres come backe, that did I never here.
S. Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serjeant, a turnes backe for verie feare.
Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'st thou reason?
S. Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a theefe too: have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana [*with a purse*].

Adr. Go *Dromio*, there's the monie, beare it straight,
And bring thy Master home imediately.
Come sister, I am prest downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my injurie. *Exit.*

[Scene iii. *A public place.*]

Enter Antipholus Siracusia.

There's not a man I meete but doth salute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And everie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thankes for kindnesses;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.

65. *here:* hear–2-4F. 74. *If I be:* If Time be–Rowe.

Even now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,
And show'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,
And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio. Sir.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what have you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?

Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'st thou meane?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise: but that *Adam* that keepes the prison; hee that goes in the calves-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behinde you sir, like an evill angel, and bid you forsake your libertie.

Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like a Base-Viole in a case of leather; the man sir, that when gentlemen are tired gives them a sob, and rests them: he sir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and gives them suites of durance: he that sets up his rest to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

Ant. What thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. I sir, the Serjeant of the Band: he that brings any man to answer it that breakes his Band: one that thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and saies, God give you good rest.

Ant. Well sir, there rest in your foolerie:
Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why sir, I brought you word an houre since, that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then

26. *rests:* 'rests—WARBURTON. 36. *ships:* ship—2-4F.

were you hindred by the Serjeant to tarry for the *Hoy Delay*: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master *Antipholus*:
I see sir you have found the Gold-smith now:
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.

Ant. Sathan avoide, I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this Mistris *Sathan*?

Ant. It is the divell.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the divels dam: And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is written, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne: *ergo*, light wenches will burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are marvailous merrie sir. Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or bespeake a long spoone.

Ant. Why *Dromio*?

S. Dro. Marrie he must nave a long spoone that must eate with the divell.

Ant. Avoid then fiend, what tel'st thou me of supping? |
Thou art, as you are all a sorceresse:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gon.

61. *if do:* if you do–2-4F.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
And Ile be gone sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some divels aske but the parings of ones naile, a rush, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-stone: but she more covetous, wold have a chaine: Master be wise, and if you give it her, the divell will shake her Chaine, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine,
I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?

Ant. Avant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let us go.

S. Dro. Flie pride saies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that you know. *Exit.*

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad,
Else would he never so demeane himselfe,
A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets,
And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doores against his way:
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce
My Ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For fortie Duckets is too much to loose.

73-6. new ll., ending pin, stone, chaine, her, it—CAPELL.

[Scene iv. *A street.*]

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Jailor.

An. Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
Ile give thee ere I leave thee so much money
To warrant thee as I am rested for.
My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
And will not lightly trust the Messenger,
That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,
I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
How now sir? Have you that I sent you for?
E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.
Anti. But where's the Money?
E. Dro. Why sir, I gave the Monie for the Rope.
Ant. Five hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?
E. Dro. Ile serve you sir five hundred at the rate.
Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?
E. Dro. To a ropes end sir, and to that end am I return'd.
Ant. And to that end sir, I will welcome you.
[*Beating him.*]
Offi. Good sir be patient.
E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adversitie.
Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.
E. Dro. Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.
Anti. Thou whoreson senselesse Villaine.
E. Dro. I would I were senselesse sir, that I might not feele your blowes.

Anti. Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and so is an Asse.

E. Dro. I am an Asse indeede, you may proove it by my long eares. I have served him from the houre of my Nativitie to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat: and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoolemaster, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistris *respice finem*, respect your end, or rather the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Anti. Wilt thou still talke? *Beats Dro.*

Curt. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His incivility confirmes no lesse:
Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer,
Establish him in his true sence againe,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes.

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let mee feele your pulse.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man,
To yeeld possession to my holie praiers,

And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in heaven.
Anti. Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.
Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poore distressed soule.
Anti. You Minion you, are these your Customers?
Did this Companion with the saffron face
Revell and feast it at my house to day,
Whil'st upon me the guiltie doores were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house.
Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home
Where would you had remain'd untill this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame.
Anti. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest thou?
Dro. Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.
Ant. Were not my doores lockt up, and I shut out?
Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out.
Anti. And did not she her selfe revile me there?
Dro. *Sans* Fable, she her selfe revil'd you there.
Anti. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and scorne me?
Dro. *Certis* she did, the kitchin vestall scorn'd you.
Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witnesse,
That since have felt the vigor of his rage.
Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these crontraries?
Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.
Ant. Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest mee.
Adr. Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,
By *Dromio* heere, who came in hast for it.

85. *beares:* bear–2-4F. 87. *crontraries:* contraries–2-4F.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.
Ant. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets.
Adri. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luci. And I am witnesse with her that she did:
Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.
Pinch. Mistris, both Man and Master is possest,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,
They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.
Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,
And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?
Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.
Dro. And gentle M I receiv'd no gold:
But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both
Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned packe,
To make a loathsome abject scorne of me:
But with these nailes, Ile plucke out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him: Hee strives.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neere me.
Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him
Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.
Ant. What will you murther me, thou Jailor thou? I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?
Offi. Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

122-4. new ll. at to and he—Pope.

Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.
[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*]
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish Officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe?
Off. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,
Beare me forthwith unto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor see him safe convey'd
Home to my house, oh most unhappy day.
Ant. Oh most unhappie strumpet.
Dro. Master, I am heere entred in bond for you.
Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad mee?
Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Master, cry the divell.
Luc. God helpe poore soules, how idlely doe they talke.
Adr. Go beare him hence, sister go you with me:
Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?
Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan
Off. One *Angelo* a Goldsmith, do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: what is the summe he owes?
Off. Two hundred Duckets.
Adr. Say, how growes it due.
Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeake a Chain for me, but had it not.
Cur. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my house, and tooke away my Ring,
The Ring I saw upon his finger now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come Jailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth heereof at large.

Enter Antipholus Siracusia with his Rapier drawne, and Dromio Sirac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.
Adr. And come with naked swords,
Let's call more helpe to have them bound againe.
Runne all out.
Off. Away, they'l kill us.
Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.
S. Ant. I see these Witches are affraid of swords.
S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuffe from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboord.
Dro. Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do us no harme: you saw they speake us faire, give us gold: me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes mariage of me, I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne Witch.
Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our stuffe aboord. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

[*A street before a Priory.*]

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I have hindred you,
But I protest he had the Chaine of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth denie it.

Mar. How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie?
Gold. Of very reverent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives heere in the Citie:
His word might beare my wealth at any time.
Mar. Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that selfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him:
Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandall to your selfe,
With circumstance and oaths, so to denie
This Chaine, which now you weare so openly.
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controversie,
Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day:
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?
Ant. I thinke I had, I never did deny it.
Mar. Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too.
Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forsweare it?
Mar. These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou liv'st
To walke where any honest men resort.
Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile prove mine honor, and mine honestie
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:
Mar. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my house.
S. Dro. Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,
This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyl'd.
Exeunt to the Priorie.

Enter Ladie Abbesse.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,
Let us come in, that we may binde him fast,
And beare him home for his recoverie.
Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Mar. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Ab. How long hath this possession held the man.
Adr. This weeke he hath beene heavie, sower sad,
And much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoone his passion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.
Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,
Buried some deere friend, hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawfull love,
A sinne prevailing much in youthfull men,
Who give their eies the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrowes is he subject too?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
Ab. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why so I did.
Ab. I but not rough enough.

37. *God:* God's—3-4F.

Adr. As roughly as my modestie would let me.
Ab. Haply in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Ab. I, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.
In bed he slept not for my urging it,
At boord he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the subject of my Theame:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.
Ab, And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
The venome clamors of a jealous woman,
Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou saist his meate was sawc'd with thy upbraidings,
Unquiet meales make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of feaver bred,
And what's a Feaver, but a fit of madnesse?
Thou sayest his sports were hindred by thy bralles.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moodie and dull melancholly,
Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,
And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Hath scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildely,
When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adri. She did betray me to my owne reproofe,

94. *Hath:* Have–2-4F.

Good people enter, and lay hold on him.
Ab. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Ad. Then let your servants bring my husband forth
Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,
And it shall priviledge him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits againe,
Or loose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,
And will have no atturney but my selfe,
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
Till I have us'd the approoved meanes I have,
With wholsome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable dutie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leave him heere with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband heere:
And ill it doth beseeme your holinesse
To separate the husband and the wife.
Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit.*]
Luc. Complaine unto the Duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,
And never rise untill my teares and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.
Mar. By this I thinke the Diall points at five:
Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person
Comes this way to the melancholly vale;
The place of depth, and sorrie execution,
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.

129. *depth:* death–3-4F.

Gold. Upon what cause?
Mar. To see a reverent *Siracusian* Merchant,
Who put unluckily into this Bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheaded publikely for his offence.
Gold. See where they come, we wil behold his death
Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracuse bare head, with the Headsman, & other Officers.

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse.
Duke. She is a vertuous and a reverend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholus* my husband,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your important Letters this ill day,
A most outragious fit of madnesse tooke him:
That desp'rately he hurried through the streete,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
By rushing in their houses: bearing thence
Rings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,
That heere and there his furie had committed,
Anon I wot not, by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,

132. *reverent:* reverend–3-4F. 148. *Who:* Whom–2-4F

And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
Met us againe, and madly bent on us
Chac'd us away: till raising of more aide
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence.
Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.
Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbesse come to me:
I will determine this before I stirre.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and save your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they have sindg'd off with brands of fire,
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailes of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My M^r^ preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole:
And sure (unlesse you send some present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Conjurer.
Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.
Mess. Mistris, upon my life I tel you true,

I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Mistris: flie, be gone.

Duke. Come stand by me, feare nothing: guard with Halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witnesse you,
That he is borne about invisible,
Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice most gracious Duke, oh grant me justicé, |
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe scarres to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Mar. Fat. Unlesse the feare of death doth make me dote, I see my sonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio.*

E. Ant. Justice (sweet Prince) against that Woman there: |
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonored me,
Even in the strength and height of injurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt finde me just.

E. Ant. This day (great Duke) she shut the doores upon me,
While she with Harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A greevous fault: say woman, didst thou so?
Adr. No my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together: so befall my soule,
As this is false he burthens me withall.
Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But she tels to your Highnesse simple truth.
Gold. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman justly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie-rash provoak'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witnesse it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthasar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman.
There did this perjur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,
That I this day of him receiv'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer.
I did obey, and sent my Pesant home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
Then fairely I bespoke the Officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By'th'way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine:
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,

251. new l. at My-Globe.

A thred-bare Jugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch;
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth tooke on him as a Conjurer:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possest. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deepe shames, and great indignities.
Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no?
Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
These people saw the Chaine about his necke.
Mar. Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,
Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him,
After you first forswore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.
E. Ant. I never came within these Abbey wals,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the Chaine, so helpe me heaven:
And this is false you burthen me withall.
Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all have drunke of *Circes* cup:
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would have bin.
If he were mad, he would not pleade so coldly:

You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?
E. Dro. Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpentine.
Cur. He did, and from my finger snacht that Ring.
E. Anti. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?
Curt. As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace.
Duke. Why this is straunge: Go call the Abbesse hither.
I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

Exit one to the Abbesse.

Fa. [*Æge.*] Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speake freely *Siracusian* what thou wilt.
Fath. Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholus*?
And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?
E. Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman sir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio,* and his man, unbound.
Fath. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. Our selves we do remember sir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches* patient, are you sir?
Father. Why looke you strange on me? you know me well.
E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.
Fa. Oh! griefe hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. Neither.

Fat. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. No trust me sir, nor I.
Fa. I am sure thou dost?
E. Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to beleeve him.
Fath. Not know my voice, oh times e tremity
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue
In seven short yeares, that heere my onely sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze up:
Yet hath my night of life some memorie:
My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little use to heare:
All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my sonne *Antipholus*.
Ant. I never saw my Father in my life.
Fa. But seven yeares since, in *Siracusa* boy
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in miserie.
Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witnesse with me that it is not so.
I ne're saw *Siracusa* in my life.
Duke. I tell thee *Siracusian*, twentie yeares
Have I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,
During which time, he ne're saw *Siracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbesse with Antipholus Siracusa, and Dromio Sir.

Abbesse. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

327. *e tremity:* extremity–2-4F.

All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is *genius* to the other:
And so of these, which is the naturall man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
S. Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.
E. Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.
S. Ant. Egeon art thou not? or else his ghost.
S. Drom. Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him heere?
Abb. Who ever bound him, I will lose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libertie:
Speake olde *Egeon*, if thou bee'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?
Oh if thou bee'st the same *Egeon*, speake:
And speake unto the same *Æmilia*.
Duke. Why heere begins his Morning storie right:
These two *Antipholus*, these two so like,
And these two *Dromio's*, one in semblance:
Besides her urging of her wracke at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Fa. If I dreame not, thou art *Æmilia*,
If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne
That floated with thee on the fatall rafte.
Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*
By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamium*.

371-6. after ll. 377-86—Capell.

What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you see mee in.
Duke. *Antipholus* thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.
S. Ant. No sir, not I, I came from *Siracuse.*
Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned Unckle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle Mistris.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.
S. Ant. And so do I, yet did she call me so:
And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I see and heare.
Goldsmith. That is the Chaine sir, which you had of mee.
S. Ant. I thinke it be sir, I denie it not.
E. Ant. And you sir for this Chaine arrested me.
Gold. I thinke I did sir, I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you monie sir to be your baile
By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meete each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.
E. Ant. These Duckets pawne I for my father heere.
Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.

Cur. Sir I must have that Diamond from you.
E Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
To go with us into the Abbey heere,
And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this simpathized one daies error
Have suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe us companie,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares have I but gone in travaile
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
My heavie burthen are delivered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Nativity,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
After so long greefe such Nativitie.
Duke. With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast.

Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S. Dro. Mast. shall I fetch your stuffe from shipbord?
E. An. Dromio, what stuffe of mine hast thou imbarkt
S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host sir in the Centaur.
S. Ant. He speakes to me, I am your master *Dromio.*
Come go with us, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, rejoyce with him. *Exit*
S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife,
E. D. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:

431. *are:* ne'er–Dyce. 435. *Nativitie:* festivity–Dyce.

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to see their gossipping?
S. Dro. Not I sir, you are my elder.
E. Dro. That's a question, how shall we trie it.
S. Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then, lead thou first.
E. Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
Exeunt.

453. *Signior:* senior—Pope.

FINIS.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

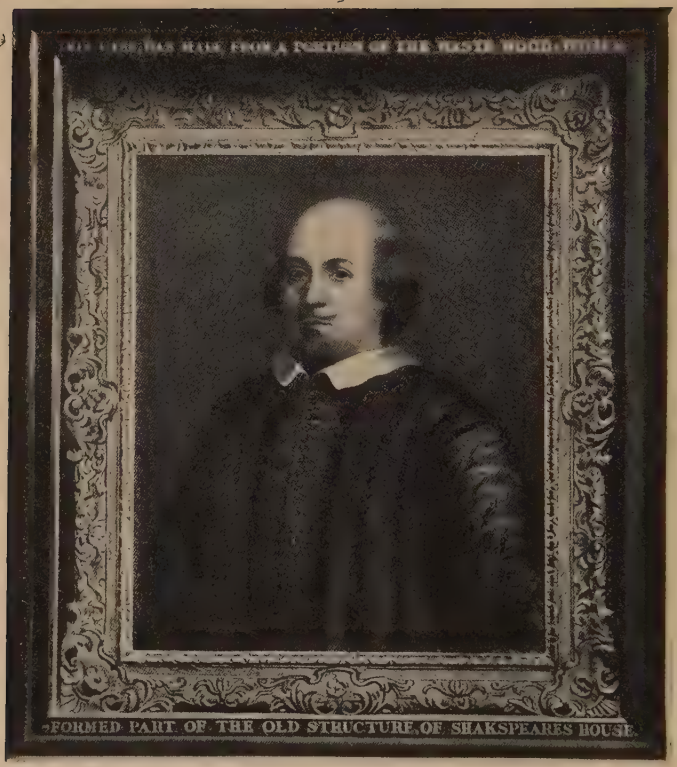
[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF MILAN, *father to Silvia.*
VALENTINE, } *the two Gentlemen.*
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, *father to Proteus.*
THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*
EGLAMOUR, *agent for Silvia in her escape.*
HOST, *where Julia lodges.*
OUTLAWS, *with Valentine.*
SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*
LAUNCE, *the like to Proteus.*
PANTHINO, *servant to Antonio.*

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus.*
SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine.*
LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE: *Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua.*]



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

This portrait of Shakespeare, after having been in the possession of Mr. William Oakes Hunt, town clerk of Stratford-on-Avon, and his family for upwards of a century, was restored to its original condition by Mr. Simon Collins, of London, and, being considered a portrait of much interest and value, was given by Mr. Hunt to the town of Stratford-on-Avon, to be placed and preserved in Shakespeare's house. It is usually known as "The Stratford Portrait"

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Actus primus, Scena prima.

[*Verona. An open place.*]

Valentine: Protheus, and *Speed.*

Valentine.

CEASE to perswade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping-youth, have ever homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the sweet glaunces of thy honour'd Love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lov'st; love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adew,
Thinke on thy *Protheus*, when thou (hap'ly) seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travaile.
Wish me partaker in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,

(If ever danger doe environ thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beades-man, *Valentine.*
Val. And on a love-booke pray for my successe?
Pro. Upon some booke I love, I'le pray for thee.
Val. That's on some shallow Storie of deepe love,
How yong *Leander* crost the *Hellespont.*
Pro. That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper love,
For he was more then over-shooes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over-bootes in love,
And yet you never swom the *Hellespont.*
Pro. Over the Bootes? nay give me not the Boots.
Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in love; where scorne is bought with grones: |
Coy looks, with hart-sore sighes: one fading moments mirth, |
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights;
If hap'ly won, perhaps a haplesse gaine;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
How ever: but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.
Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.
Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis Love you cavill at, I am not Love.
Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a foole,
Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wise.
Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwels; so eating Love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,

Even so by Love, the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
Loosing his verdure, even in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine.*
Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let us take our leave:
To *Millaine* let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy successe in love; and what newes else
Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:
And I likewise will visite thee with mine.
Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in *Millaine.*
Val. As much to you at home: and so farewell. *Exit.*
Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Love;
He leaves his friends, to dignifie them more;
I love my selfe, my friends, and all for love:
Thou *Julia* thou hast metamorphis'd me:
Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time;
Warre with good counsaile; set the world at nought;
Made Wit with musing, weake; hart sick with thought.

[*Enter Speed.*]

Sp. Sir *Protheus*: 'save you: saw you my Master?
Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for *Millain.*
Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,
And I have plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.
Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often stray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

69. *I love:* I leave—Pope. 79. *And:* An—Pope.

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then, and I Sheepe?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I wake or sleepe.

Pro. A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proves me still a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Master a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall goe hard but ile prove it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the Sheepe the Shepheard; but I seeke my Master, and my Master seekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard, the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another proofe will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But do'st thou heare: gav'st thou my Letter to *Julia*?

Sp. I Sir: I (a lost-Mutton) gave your Letter to her (a lac'd-Mutton[1]) and she (a lac'd-Mutton) gave mee (a lost-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a Pasture for such store of Muttons.

[1] *girl of light repute*

Sp. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were best sticke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound you.

Sp. Nay Sir, lesse then a pound shall serve me for carrying your Letter.

Pro. You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

81. *I Sheepe:* I a sheep–2-4F.

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover
Pro. But what said she?
Sp. [*First nodding*] I.
Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.[1] [1] *dolt*
Sp. You mistooke Sir: I say she did nod;
And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I.
Pro. And that set together is noddy.
Sp. Now you have taken the paines to set it together, take it for your paines.
Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.
Sp. Well, I perceive I must be faine to beare with you.
Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?
Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,
Having nothing but the word noddy for my paines.
Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quicke wit.
Sp. And yet it cannot over-take your slow purse.
Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what said she.
Sp. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter may be both at once delivered.
Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what said she?
Sp. Truely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.
Pro. Why? could'st thou perceive so much from her?
Sp. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter:
And being so hard to me, that brought your minde;
I feare she'll prove as hard to you in telling your minde.
Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steele.
Pro. What said she, nothing?
Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy pains:
To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you have cestern'd me; |

143. *cestern'd:* testerned–2-4F.

In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your selfe; And so Sir, I'le commend you to my Master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish having thee aboarde,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

[*Exit Speed.*]

I must goe send some better Messenger,
I feare my *Julia* would not daigne my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthlesse post. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*The same. Garden of Julia's house.*]

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say *Lucetta* (now we are alone)
Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in love?

Luc. I Madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,
That every day with par'le encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Lu. Please you repeat their names, ile shew my minde,
According to my shallow simple skill.

Ju. What thinkst thou of the faire sir *Eglamoure*?

Lu. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine.

Ju. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so, so.

Ju. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Lu. Lord, Lord: to see what folly raignes in us.

Ju. How now? what meanes this passion at his name?

Lu. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame,

7. *par'le:* parle–Rowe.

That I (unworthy body as I am)
Should censure[1] thus on lovely Gentlemen.
Ju. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the rest?
Lu. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Lu. I have no other but a womans reason:
I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.
Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?
Lu. I: if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.
Lu. Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking, shewes his love but small.
Lu. Fire that's closest kept, burnes most of all.
Jul. They doe not love, that doe not shew their love.
Lu. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his minde.
Lu. Peruse this paper Madam.
Jul. To *Julia*: say, from whom?
Lu. That the Contents will shew.
Jul. Say, say: who gave it thee?
Lu. Sir *Valentines* page & sent I think from *Protheus*;
He would have given it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault I pray.
Jul. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker[2]:
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper, and conspire against my youth?
Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place:
There: take the paper: see it be return'd,
Or else returne no more into my sight.
Lu. To plead for love, deserves more fee, then hate.
Jul. Will ye be gon?
Lu. That you may ruminate. *Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;

[1] *criticize*
[2] *go-between*

It were a shame to call her backe againe,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What 'foole is she, that knowes I am a Maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since Maides, in modesty, say no, to that,
Which they would have the profferer construe, I.
Fie, fie: how way-ward is this foolish love;
That (like a testie Babe) will scratch the Nurse,
And presently, all humbled kisse the Rod?
How churlishly, I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly, I would have had her here?
How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile?
My pennance is, to call *Lucetta* backe
And aske remission, for my folly past.
What hoe: *Lucetta*.

[*Re-enter Lucetta.*]

Lu. What would your Ladiship?
Jul. Is't neere dinner time?
Lu. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,
And not upon your Maid.
Ju. What is't that you
Tooke up so gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
Ju. Why didst thou stoope then?
Lu. To take a paper up, that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lye, for those that it concernes.

56. *What 'foole:* What a fool—CAMBRIDGE.
75-6. 1 l.—HALLIWELL.

Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,
Unlesse it have a false Interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:
Give me a Note, your Ladiship can set
Jul. As little by such toyes, as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light O, Love*.
Lu. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Ju. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then?
Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,
Ju. And why not you?
Lu. I cannot reach so high.
Ju. Let's see your Song:
How now Minion?
Lu. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:
And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.
Ju. You doe not?
Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.
Ju. You (Minion) are too saucie.
Lu. Nay, now you are too flat; [1] *second part*
And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:[1]
There wanteth but a Meane[2] to fill your Song. [2] *tenor*
Ju. The meane is drownd with you unruly base.
Lu. Indeede I bid the base for *Protheus*.
Ju. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with protestation: [*Tears the letter.*]
Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:
You would be fingring them, to anger me.
Lu. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so angred with another Letter. [*Exit.*]
Ju. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:
Oh hatefull hands, to teare such loving words;

89. *Light O, Love:* 'Light o' love'—THEOBALD.
95-6. 1 l.—HANMER. 113. *same:* same—2-4 F.

Injurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet hony,
And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your stings;
Ile kisse each severall paper, for amends:
Looke, here is writ, kinde *Julia*: unkinde *Julia*,
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruzing-stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdaine.
And here is writ, *Love wounded Protheus.*
Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search[1] it with a soveraigne kisse. [1] *probe*
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:
Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter, in the Letter,
Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare
Unto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poore forlorne Protheus, passionate Protheus:
To the sweet Julia: that ile teare away:
And yet I will not, sith[2] so prettily [2] *since*
He couples it, to his complaining Names;
Thus will I fold them, one upon another;
Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.

[*Re-enter Lucetta.*]

Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father staies.
Ju. Well, let us goe.
Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?
Ju. If you respect them; best to take them up.
Lu. Nay, I was taken up, for laying them downe.
Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

139. new l. at Dinner–HANMER.

Ju. I see you have a months minde[1] to them.
Lu. I (Madam) you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I winke.
Ju. Come, come, wilt please you goe. *Exeunt.*

[1] *yearning*

Scœna Tertia.

[*The same. Antonio's house.*]

Enter Antonio and Panthino. Protheus.

Ant. Tell me *Panthino*, what sad[2] talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?
Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Sonne.
Ant. Why? what of him?
Pan. He wondred that your Lordship
Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out.
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover Islands farre away:
Some, to the studious Universities;
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus*, your sonne, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment[3] to his age,
In having knowne no travaile in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon, this month I have bin hamering.
I have consider'd well, his losse of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tutord in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,

[2] *earnest*

[3] *discredit*

And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?
Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him thither, |
There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;
Heare sweet discourse, converse with Noble-men,
And be in eye of every Exercise
Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou maist perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne;
Even with the speediest expedition,
I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.
Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other Gentlemen of good esteeme
Are journying, to salute the *Emperor*,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go:
And in good time: now will we breake with him.

[*Enter Proteus.*]

Pro. Sweet Love, sweet lines, sweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honors paune;
O that our Fathers would applaud our loves
To seale our happinesse with their consents.
Pro. Oh heavenly *Julia.*
Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

27. *whether:* whither–2-4F.

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend, that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.
Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus sodainly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentinus*, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition[1] thou shalt have from me, [1] *allowance*
To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,
Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.
Pro. My Lord I cannot be so soone provided,
Please you deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look what thou want'st shalbe sent after thee:
No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe;
Come on *Panthmo*; you shall be imployd,
To hasten on his Expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*]
Pro. Thus have I shund the fire, for feare of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to shew my Father *Julias* Letter,
Least he should take exceptions to my love,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.

79. *Panthmo:* Panthino–2F.

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a clowd takes all away.

[*Re-enter Panthino.*]

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your Fathers call's for you,
He is in hast, therefore I pray you go.
Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answer's no.
Exeunt. *Finis.*

Actus secundus: Scœna Prima.

[*Milan. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Glove.
Valen. Not mine: my Gloves are on.
Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.
Val. Ha? Let me see: I, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing divine,
Ah *Silvia, Silvia.*
Speed. Madam *Silvia:* Madam *Silvia.*
Val. How now Sirha?
Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.
Val. Why sir, who bad you call her?
Speed. Your worship sir, or else I mistooke.
Val. Well: you'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
Val. Goe to, sir, tell me: do you know Madam *Silvia*?
Speed. Shee that your worship loves?

91 *Fathers:* father–2-4F.

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love? 18

Speed. Marry by these speciall markes: first, you have learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a Male-content: to rellish a Love-song, like a *Robin*-red-breast: to walke alone like one that had the pestilence: to sigh, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.* to weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam: to fast, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hallow-Masse: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner: when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Mistris, that when I looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Master. 32

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an Urinall: that not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment on your Malady. 41

Val. But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she I meane.

Speed. Why sir, I know her not.

Val. Do'st thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so faire (boy) as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough. 50

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That shee is not so faire, as (of you) well-favourd?

Val. I meane that her beauty is exquisite,
But her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry sir, so painted to make her faire, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she beene deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
And still I see her beautifull.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blinde: O that you had mine eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chidde at Sir *Protheus*, for going ungarter'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your owne present folly, and her passing deformitie: for hee beeing in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, beeing in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in love, for last morning |
You could not see to wipe my shooes.

Speed. True sir: I was in love with my bed, I thanke you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes mee the bolder to chide you, for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoyn'd me,
To write some lines to one she loves.
Speed. And have you?
Val. I have.
Speed. Are they not lamely writt?
Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes.
Speed. [*Aside*] Oh excellent motion;[1] oh exceeding
Puppet: |
Now will he interpret to her.

[1] *puppet-show*

[*Enter Silvia.*]

Val. Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrows.
Speed. [*Aside*] Oh, 'give ye-good-ev'n: heer's a million of | manners.
Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and servant, to you two thousand.
Speed. [*Aside*] He should give her interest: & she gives it him. |
Val. As you injoynd me; I have writ your Letter
Unto the secret, nameles friend of yours:
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiship.
Sil. I thanke you (gentle Servant) 'tis very Clerkly-done. |
Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at randome, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?
Val. No (Madam) so it steed you, I will write
(Please you command) a thousand times as much:
And yet———
Sil. A pretty period: well: I ghesse the sequell;

109. *steed:* stead–Capell.

And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.
And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. [*Aside*] And yet you will: and yet, another yet. |
Val. What meanes your Ladiship?
Doe you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very queintly writ,
But (since unwillingly) take them againe.
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Silv. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly:
Val. Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.
Sil. And when it's writ: for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so: if not: why so:
Val. If it please me, (Madam?) what then?
Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow Servant. *Exit. Sil.*
Speed. Oh Jest unseene: inscrutible: invisible,
As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a steeple:
My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent devise, was there ever heard a better?
That my master being scribe,
To himselfe should write the Letter?
Val. How now Sir?
What are you reasoning with your selfe?
Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you that have the reason. |
Val. To doe what?

136-8. 2 rhymed ll.—THEOBALD. 139-40. 1 l.—THEOBALD.

Speed. To be a Spokes-man from Madam *Silvia*.
Val. To whom?
Speed. To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.
Val. What figure?
Speed. By a Letter, I should say.
Val. Why she hath not writ to me?
Speed. What need she,
When shee hath made you write to your selfe?
Why, doe you not perceive the jest?
Val. No, beleeve me.
Speed. No beleeving you indeed sir:
But did you perceive her earnest?
Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.
Speed. Why she hath given you a Letter.
Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.
Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, & there an end. |
Val. I would it were no worse.
Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her: and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els some messenger, that might her mind discover |
Her self hath taught her Love himself, to write unto her lover. |
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.
Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.
Val. I have dyn'd.
Speed. I, but hearken sir: though the Cameleon Love can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals; and would faine have meate: oh bee not like your Mistresse, be moved, be moved. *Exeunt.*

Scœna secunda.

[*Verona. Julia's house.*]

Enter Protheus, Julia, Panthion.

Pro. Have patience, gentle *Julia*:
Jul I must where is no remedy.
Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.
Jul. If you turne not: you will return the sooner:
Keepe this remembrance for thy *Julia's* sake.
[*Giving a ring.*]
Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.
Jul. And seale the bargaine with a holy kisse.
Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie:
And when that howre ore-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not (*Julia*) for thy sake,
The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance
Torment me for my Loves forgetfulnesse:
My father staies my comming: answere not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will stay me longer then I should,
Julia, farewell: what, gon without a word?
[*Exit Julia.*]
I, so true love should doe: it cannot speake,
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.

[*Enter Panthino.*]

Panth. Sir *Protheus:* you are staid for.
Pro. Goe: I come, I come:
Alas, this parting strikes poore Lovers dumbe.
Exeunt.

8-9. 1 l.–Theobald.

Scœna Tertia.

[*The same. A street.*]

Enter Launce [*leading a dog*], *Panthion.*

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I have done weeping: all the kinde[1] of the *Launces*, have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious Sonne, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls Court: I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the sowrest natured dogge that lives: My Mother weeping: my Father wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre shedde one teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge: a Jew would have wept to have seene our parting: why my Grandam having no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting: nay, Ile shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my father: no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther: yes; it is so, it is so: it hath the worser sole: this shooe with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now sir, this staffe is my sister: for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I; so, so: now come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shooe speake a word for weeping: now should I kisse my Father; well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake now, like a would-woman: well, I kisse her: why

30. *would-woman:* wood woman—THEOBALD.

[1] *kindred*

there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath up and downe: Now come I to my sister; marke the moane she makes: now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my teares.

[*Enter Panthino.*]

Panth. *Launce*, away, away: a Boord: thy Master is ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares; what's the matter? why weep'st thou man? away asse, you'l loose the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the unkindest Tide, that ever any man tide.

Panth. What's the unkindest tide?

Lau. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

Pant. Tut, man: I meane thou'lt loose the flood, and in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy voyage, loose thy Master, and in loosing thy Master, loose thy service, and in loosing thy service:———why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I loose my tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Pauth. In thy Taile.

Laun. Loose the Tide, and the voyage, and the Master, and the Service, and the tide: why man, if the River were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde were downe, I could drive the boate with my sighes.

Panth. Come: come away man, I was sent to call thee.

Lau. Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou goe?

Laun. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

40, 41, 43, 54. *tide:* tied—SINGER.

Scena Quarta.

[*Milan. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.

Sil. Servant.
Val. Mistris.
Spee. Master, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.
Val. I Boy, it's for love.
Spee. Not of you.
Val. Of my Mistresse then.
Spee. 'Twere good you knockt him. [*Exit.*]
Sil. Servant, you are sad.
Val. Indeed, Madam, I seeme so.
Thu. Seeme you that you are not?
Val. Hap'ly I doe.
Thu. So doe Counterfeyts.
Val. So doe you.
Thu. What seeme I that I am not?
Val. Wise.
Thu. What instance of the contrary?
Val. Your folly.
Thu. And how quoat[1] you my folly? [1]*mark*
Val. I quoat it in your Jerkin.
Thu. My Jerkin is a doublet.
Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.
Thu. How?
Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour?
Val. Give him leave, Madam, he is a kind of *Camelion*.
Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud, then live in your ayre.
Val. You have said Sir.
Thu. I Sir, and done too for this time.
Val. I know it wel sir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, & quickly shot off |

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that Servant?

Val. Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gave the fire,
Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladiships lookes,
And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well sir: you have an Exchequer of words, |
And I thinke, no other treasure to give your followers:
For it appeares by their bare Liveries
That they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:
Here comes my father.

[*Enter Duke.*]

Duk. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset.
Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health,
What say you to a Letter from your friends
Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull,
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duk. Know ye, *Don Antonio*, your Countriman?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserves
The honor, and regard of such a father.

Duk. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my selfe: for from our Infancie

60. *knew:* know–HANMER.

We have converst, and spent our howres together,
And though my selfe have beene an idle Trewant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection:
Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name)
Made use, and faire advantage of his daies:
His yeares but yong, but his experience old:
His head un-mellowed, but his Judgement ripe;
And in a word (for far behinde his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow.)
He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.
Duk. Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empresse love,
As meet to be an Emperors Councellor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no un-welcome newes to you.
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had beene he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite[1] him to it,
I will send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*]
Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookes.
Sil. Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawne for fealty.
Val. Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners stil.
Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seeke out you?
Val. Why Lady, Love hath twenty paire of eyes.
Thur. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

[1] *incite*

Val. To see such Lovers, *Thurio*, as your selfe,
Upon a homely object, Love can winke.
Sil. Have done, have done: here comes the gentleman.

[*Enter Proteus.*]

Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Mistris, I beseech you
Confirme his welcome, with some speciall favor.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to heare from.
Val. Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-servant to your Ladiship.
Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a servant
To have a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.
Val. Leave off discourse of disabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Servant.
Pro. My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And dutie never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse.
Pro. Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthlesse.

[*Enter Servant.*]

Thur. [*Ser.*] Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure: [*Exit Ser.*] Come Sir *Thurio*,
Goe with me: once more, new Servant welcome;
Ile leave you to confer of home affaires,
When you have done, we looke too heare from you.

106. *a worthy a:* a worthy--2-4F.

Pro. Wee'll both attend upon your Ladiship.
[*Exeunt Silvia & Thurio.*]
Val. Now tell me: how do al from whence you came?
Pro. Your frends are wel, & have them much commended.
Val. And how doe yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your Lady? & how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of Love were wont to weary you,
I know you joy not in a Love-discourse.
Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,
I have done pennance for contemning Love,
Whose high emperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-sore sighes,
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Love's a mighty Lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confesse
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Service, no such joy on earth:
Now, no discourse, except it be of love:
Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,
Upon the very naked name of Love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?
Val. Even She; and is she not a heavenly Saint?
Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O flatter me: for Love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pils,
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soveraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my Mistresse.
Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine owne?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to:
Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,
And of so great a favor growing proud,
Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swelling flowre,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?
Val. Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in having such a Jewell
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou seest me doate upon my love:
My foolish Rivall that her Father likes
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Love (thou know'st is full of jealousie.)
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage howre,
With all the cunning manner of our flight

168. *make:* makes–2-4F.

Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.
Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.
Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:
I must unto the Road, to dis-embarque
Some necessaries, that I needs must use,
And then Ile presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste? *Exit.*
Pro. I will.
Even as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by strength drives out another.
So the remembrance of my former Love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten,
It is mine, or *Valentines* praise?
Her true perfection, or my false transgression?
That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?
Shee is faire: and so is *Julia* that I love,
(That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image 'gainst a fire
Beares no impression of the thing it was.)
Me thinkes my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his Lady too-too much,
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I doate on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazel'd my reasons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring love, I will,
If not, to compasse her Ile use my skill.
Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

[*The same. A street.*]

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. *Launce*, by mine honesty welcome to *Padua*.

Laun. Forsweare not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is never undon till hee be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till some certaine shot[1] be paid, and the Hostesse say welcome.

[1] *ale-house reckoning*

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot[1] of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes: But sirha, how did thy Master part with Madam *Julia*?

Lau. Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted very fairely in jest.

Spee. But shall she marry him?

Lau. No.

Spee. How then? shall he marry her?

Lau. No, neither.

Spee. What, are they broken?

Lau. No; they are both as whole as a fish.

Spee. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Lau. Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Spee. What an asse art thou, I understand thee not.

Lau. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not? My staffe understands me?

Spee. What thou saist?

Lau. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane, and my staffe understands me.

Spee. It stands under thee indeed.

3. *Padua:* Milan–Pope.

Lau. Why, stand-under: and under-stand is all one.

Spee. But tell me true, wil't be a match?

Lau. Aske my dogge, if he say I, it will: if hee say no, it will: if hee shake his taile, and say nothing, it will.

Spee. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Lau. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Spee. 'Tis well that I get it so; but *Launce*, how saist thou that that my master is become a notable Lover? 40

Lau. I never knew him otherwise.

Spee. Then how?

Lau. A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to bee.

Spee. Why, thou whorson Asse, thou mistak'st me,

Lau. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy Master.

Spee. I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Lover.

Lau. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himselfe in Love. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-house: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian. 52

Spee. Why?

Lau. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale[1] with a Christian: Wilt thou goe?

Spee. At thy service. [1] *ale-house*

Exeunt.

Scœna Sexta.

[*The same. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter Protheus *solus.*

Pro. To leave my *Julia*; shall I be forsworne?
To love faire *Silvia*; shall I be forsworne?

40. *that that:* that–2-4F.

To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this three-fold perjurie.
Love bad mee sweare, and Love bids me for-sweare;
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted subject) to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worship a celestiall Sunne:
Un-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will,
To learne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue, to call her bad,
Whose soveraignty so oft thou hast preferd,
With twenty thousand soule-confirming oathes.
I cannot leave to love; and yet I doe:
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I loose, and *Valentine* I loose,
If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe:
If I loose them, thus finde I by their losse,
For *Valentine*, my selfe: for *Julia*, *Silvia*.
I to my selfe am deerer then a friend,
For Love is still most precious in it selfe,
And *Silvia* (witnesse heaven that made her faire)
Shewes *Julia* but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my Love to her is dead.
And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemie,
Ayming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to my selfe,
Without some treachery us'd to *Valentine*.
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To climbe celestiall *Silvia's* chamber window,
My selfe in counsaile his competitor.
Now presently Ile give her father notice

Of their disguising and pretended flight:
Who (all inrag'd) will banish *Valentine:*
For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his daughter,
But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickely crosse
By some slie tricke, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Love lend me wings, to make my purpose swift
As thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

Scœna septima.

[*Verona. Julia's house.*]

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. Counsaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girle assist me,
And ev'n in kinde love, I doe conjure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Character'd, and engrav'd,
To lesson me, and tell me some good meane
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus.*

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted Pilgrime is not weary
To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,
Much lesse shall she that hath Loves wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one so deere,
Of such divine perfection as Sir *Protheus.*

Luc. Better forbeare, till *Protheus* make returne.

Jul: Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soules food?
Pitty the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of Love,
Thou wouldst as soone goe kindle fire with snow
As seeke to quench the fire of Love with words.

Luc. I doe not seeke to quench your Loves hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Lest it should burne above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musicke with th'enameld stones,
Giving a gentle kisse to every sedge
He over-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And so by many winding nookes he straies
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course:
Ile be as patient as a gentle streame,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my Love,
And there Ile rest, as after much turmoile
A blessed soule doth in *Elizium*.
Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?
Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weedes
As may beseeme some well reputed Page.
Luc. Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.
Jul. No girle, Ile knit it up in silken strings,
With twentie od-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall shew to be.
Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?
Why ev'n what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta.*)

54. *likes:* likest—Pope.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-peece (Madam) |

Jul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfavourd.

Luc. A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Unlesse you have a cod-peece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you thinke so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dreame on Infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Jul. That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my feare:
A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And instances of infinite of Love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitfull men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect;
But truer starres did governe *Protheus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so when you come to him.

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deserve my love, by loving him,
And presently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey:

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come; answere not: but to it presently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

[*Milan. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine, Launce, Speed.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, give us leave (I pray) a while,
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Thu.*]
Now tell me *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold discover
The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde yonr gracious favours
Done to me (undeserving as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to utter that
Which else, no worldly good should draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steale away your daughter:
My selfe am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And should she thus be stolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose
To crosse my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of sorrowes, which would presse you downe
(Being unprevented) to your timelesse grave.

9. *yonr:* your–2-4F.

Duke. *Protheus,* I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs, my selfe have often seene,
Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleepe,
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her companie, and my Court.
But fearing lest my jealous ayme might erre,
And so (unworthily) disgrace the man
(A rashnesse that I ever yet have shun'd)
I gave him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me.
And that thou maist perceive my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,[1]
I nightly lodge her in an upper Towre,
The key whereof, my selfe have ever kept:
And thence she cannot be convay'd away.

[1] *tempted*

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have devis'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at:
For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine Honor, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adiew, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is comming.
[*Exit.*]

[*Enter Valentine.*]

Duk. Sir *Valentine,* whether away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger

That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duk. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenure of them doth but signifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.
Duk. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.
Val. I know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beseeming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?
Duk. No, trust me, She is peevish. sullen, froward,
Prowd, disobedient, stubborne, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Upon advice) hath drawne my love from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have beene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my possessions she esteemes not.
Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?
Duk. There is a Lady in *Verona* heere
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And naught esteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor

59. *tenure:* tenour—THEOBALD.

(For long agone I have forgot to court,
Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may bestow my selfe
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,
Dumbe Jewels often in their silent kinde
More then quicke words, doe move a womans minde.
Duk. But she did scorne a present that I sent her,
Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.
Send her another: never give her ore,
For scorne at first, makes after-love the more.
If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.
If she doe chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, what ever she doth say,
For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.
Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:
Though nere so blacke, say they have Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duk. But she I meane, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath accesse by day to her.
Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.
Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
Val. What letts[1] but one may enter at her window?
Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life.
Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To cast up, with a paire of anchoring hookes,

[1] *hinders*

Would serve to scale another *Hero's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.
Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Advise me, where I may have such a Ladder.
Val. When would you use it? pray sir, tell me that.
Duk. This very night; for Love is like a childe
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By seaven a clock, ile get you such a Ladder.
Duk. But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,
How shall I best convey the Ladder thither?
Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Under a cloake, that is of any length.
Duk. A cloake as long as thine will serve the turne?
Val. I my good Lord.
Duk. Then let me see thy cloake,
Ile get me one of such another length.
Val. Why any cloake will serve the turn (my Lord)
Duk. How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake?
I pray thee let me feele thy cloake upon me.
What Letter is this same? what's here? to *Silvia*?
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
Ile be so bold to breake the seale for once. [*Reads.*]

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia *nightly,*
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying.
Oh, could their Master come, and goe as lightly,
Himselfe would lodge, where (senceles) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome rest-them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune
Doe curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my selfe doe want my servants fortune.

149. *thither:* hither–Globe.

I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their Lord should be. |

What's here? *Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.*
'Tis so: and heere's the Ladder for the purpose.
Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* sonne)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly Car?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Goe base Intruder, over-weening Slave,
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)
Is priviledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the favors
Which (all too-much) I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royall Court,
By heaven, my wrath shall farre exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thy selfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
[*Exit.*]

Val. And why not death, rather then living torment?
To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,
And *Silvia* is my selfe: banish'd from her
Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if *Silvia* be not seene?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unlesse it be to thinke that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

153. *should be:* **would be–2-4F.**

Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no musicke in the Nightingale.
Unlesse I looke on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to looke upon.
Shee is my essence, and I leave to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life.

[*Enter Proteus and Launce.*]

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seeke him out.
Lau. So-hough, Soa hough———
Pro. What seest thou?
Lau. Him we goe to finde,
There's not a haire on's head, but t'is a *Valentine*.
Pro. *Valentine*?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his Spirit?
Val. Neither,
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Lau. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?
Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?
Lau. Nothing.
Pro. Villaine, forbeare.
Lau. Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you.
Pro. Sirha, I say forbeare: friend *Valentine*, a word.
Val. My eares are stopt, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already hath possest them.
Pro. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, un-tuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia,*
Hath she forsworne me?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Val. No *Valentîne,* if *Silvia* have forsworne me.
What is your newes?
Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, that you are vanished. |
Pro. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Silvia,* and from me thy friend.
Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excesse of it will make me surfet.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banish'd?
Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doome
(Which un-reverst stands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;
Those at her fathers churlish feete she tenderd,
With them upon her knees, her humble selfe,
Wringing her hands, whose whitenes so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor silver-shedding teares
Could penetrate her uncompassionate Sire;
But *Valentine,* if he be tane, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
Val. No more: unles the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor.
Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,

And study helpe for that which thou lament'st,
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love:
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a lovers staffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milke-white bosome of thy Love.
The time now serves not to expostulate,
Come, Ile convey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Love-affaires:
As thou lov'st *Silvia* (though not for thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou seest my Boy
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Goe sirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.

Val. Oh my deere *Silvia*; haplesse *Valentine*.

[*Exeunt Val. and Pro.*]

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I have the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave: He lives not now that knowes me to be in love, yet I am in love, but a Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who 'tis I love: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis not a maid: for shee hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her Masters maid, and serves for wages. Shee hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is much in a bare Christian: [*Pulling out a paper.*] Heere is the Cate-log of her | Condition. *Inprimis.* Shee can

260. *and:* an–Theobald. 275. *Inprimis:* Imprimis–3-4F.

fetch and carry: why | a horse can doe no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but | onely carry, therefore is shee better then a Jade. *Item.* | She can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with | cleane hands.

[*Enter Speed.*]

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with your Mastership?

La. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:

Sp. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what newes then in your paper?

La. The black'st newes that ever thou heard'st.

Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fie on thee Jolt-head, thou canst not read.

Sp. Thou lyest: I can.

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.

La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the sonne of thy Grand-mother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.

La. There: and S. *Nicholas* be thy speed.

Sp. [*Reads*] Inprimis she can milke.

La. I that she can.

Sp. Item, she brewes good Ale.

La. And thereof comes the proverbe: (*Blessing of your heart, you brew good Ale.*)

Sp. Item, she can sowe.

La. That's as much as to say (*Can she so?*)

Sp. Item she can knit.

282. *Mastership:* master's ship–THEOBALD.
297. *Inprimis:* Imprimis–3-4F.

La. What neede a man care for a stock with a wench,
When she can knit him a stocke?

Sp. Item, she can wash and scoure.

La. A speciall vertue: for then shee neede not be wash'd, and scowr'd.

Sp. Item, she can spin.

La. Then may I set the world on wheeles, when she can spin for her living.

Sp. Item, she hath many namelesse vertues.

La. That's as much as to say *Bastard-vertues*: that indeede know not their fathers; and therefore have no names.

Sp. Here follow her vices.

La. Close at the heeles of her vertues.

Sp. Item, shee is not to be fasting in respect of her breath.

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.

Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.

La. That makes amends for her soure breath.

Sp. Item, she doth talke in her sleepe.

La. It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her talke.

Sp. Item, she is slow in words.

La. Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices;
To be slow in words, is a womans onely vertue:
I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.

Sp. Item, she is proud.

La. Out with that too:
It was *Eves* legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.

Sp. Item, she hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither: because I love crusts.

319. *be fasting:* be kissed fasting—Rowe.

Sp. Item, she is curst.

La. Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, she will often praise her liquor.

La. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Sp. Item, she is too liberall.

La. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ downe she is slow of: of her purse, shee shall not, for that ile keepe shut: Now, of another thing shee may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.

Sp. Item, shee hath more haire then wit, and more faults then haires, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: Ile have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that once more.

Sp. Item, she hath more haire then wit.

La. More haire then wit: it may be ile prove it: The cover of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more then the salt; the haire that covers the wit, is more then the wit; for the greater hides the lesse: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then haires.

La. That's monstrous: oh that that were out.

Sp. And more wealth then faults.

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious: Well, ile have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.

Sp. What then?

La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staies for thee at the *North gate*.

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath staid for a better man then thee.

Sp. And must I goe to him?

La. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turne.

Sp. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love Letters.

La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter; An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himselfe into secrets: Ile after, to rejoyce in the boyes correction. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*The same. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, feare not, but that she will love you
Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.

Th. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworne my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weake impresse of Love, is as a figure
Trenched[1] in ice, which with an houres heate
Dissolves to water, and doth loose his forme.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthlesse *Valentine* shall be forgot.

[1] *carved*

[*Enter Proteus.*]

How now sir *Protheus*, is your countriman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord.

Du. My daughter takes his going grievously?

Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.

Du. So I beleeve: but *Thurio* thinkes not so:
Protheus, the good conceit[2] I hold of thee,
(For thou hast showne some signe of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

[2] *opinion*

Pro. Longer then I prove ıoyall to your Grace,
Let me not live, to looke upon your Grace.
Du. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect
The match betweene sir *Thurio*, and my daughter?
Pro. I doe my Lord.
Du. And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will?
Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.
Du. I, and perversly, she persevers so:
What might we doe to make the girle forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love sir *Thurio*?
Pro. The best way is, to slander *Valentine*,
With falsehood, cowardize, and poore discent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. I, if his enemy deliver it.
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Du. Then you must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.
Du. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him:
But say this weede her love from *Valentine*,
It followes not that she will love sir *Thurio*.
Th. Therefore, as you unwinde her love from him;
Least it should ravell, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottome it on me:

Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in worth dispraise, sir *Valentine*.
Du. And *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kinde,
Because we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loves firme votary,
And cannot soone revolt, and change your minde.
Upon this warrant, shall you have accesse,
Where you, with *Silvia*, may conferre at large.
For she is lumpish, heavy, mellancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,
To hate yong *Valentine*, and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you sir *Thurio*, are not sharpe enough:
You must lay Lime,[1] to tangle her desires
By walefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vowes.
Du. I, much is the force of heaven-bred Poesie.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares
Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,
Whose golden touch could soften steele and stones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forsake unfounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet Consort; To their Instruments
Tune a deploring dumpe:[2] the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

[1] *bird-lime*

[2] *slow dance-tune*

73. new l. at much—Pope. 85. *Consort:* concert—Hanmer.

Du. This discipline, showes thou hast bin in love.
Th. And thy advice, this night, ile put in practise:
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the City presently
To sort[1] some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke.
I have a Sonnet, that will serve the turne
To give the on-set to thy good advise.
Du. About it Gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Du. Even now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

[1] *pick out*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

[*The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.*]

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.

1. *Out-l.* Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.
2. *Out.* If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em.

[*Enter Valentine and Speed.*]

3. *Out.* Stand sir, and throw us that you have about'ye.
If not: we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Sp. Sir we are undone; these are the Villaines
That all the Travailers doe feare so much.
Val. My friends.
1. *Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.
2. *Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.
3. *Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.
Val. Then know that I have little wealth to loose;
A man I am, cross'd with adversitie:
My riches, are these poore habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2. *Out.* Whether travell you?
Val. To *Verona.*
1. *Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From *Millaine.*
3. *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?
Val. Some sixteene moneths, and longer might have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1. *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2. *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse;
I kil'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1. *Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done so;
But were you banisht for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doome.
2. *Out.* Have you the Tongues?
Val. My youthfull travaile, therein made me happy,
Or else I often had beene often miserable.
3. *Out.* By the bare scalpe of *Robin Hoods* fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.
1. *Out.* We'll have him: Sirs, a word.
Sp. Master, be one of them:
It's an honourable kinde of theevery.
Val. Peace villaine.
2. *Out.* Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3. *Out.* Know then, that some of us are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awfull men.

37. *often miserable: often* out–2-4F.

My selfe was from *Verona* banished,
For practising to steale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, alide unto the Duke.
2. *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
Who, in my moode, I stab'd unto the heart.
1. *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse lives;
And partly seeing you are beautifide
With goodly shape; and by your owne report,
A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.
2. *Out.* Indeede because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of necessity,
And live as we doe in this wildernesse?
3. *Out.* What saist thou? wilt thou be of our consort?[1]
Say I, and be the captaine of us all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee, as our Commander, and our King.
1. *Out.* But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.
2. *Out.* Thou shalt not live, to brag what we have offer'd. |
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poore passengers.
3. *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practises.
Come, goe with us, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And show thee all the Treasure we have got;
Which, with our selves, all rest at thy dispose. *Exeunt.*

[1] *band*

51. *Neece:* near—THEOBALD.

Scœna Secunda.

[*Milan. Outside the Duke's palace, under Silvia's chamber.*]

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Julia, Host, Musitian, Silvia.

Pro. Already have I bin false to *Valentine*,
And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*,
Under the colour of commending him,
I have accesse my owne love to prefer.
But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthlesse guifts;
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
She bids me thinke how I have bin forsworne
In breaking faith with *Julia*, whom I lov'd;
And notwithstanding all her sodaine quips,
The least whereof would quell a lovers hope:
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my love,
The more it growes, and fawneth on her still;
But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,
And give some evening Musique to her eare.

[*Enter Thurio and Musicians.*]

Th. How now, sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that love
Will creepe in service, where it cannot goe.

Th. I, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.

Th. Who, *Silvia*?

Pro. I, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Th. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
Let's tune: and t o o it lustily a while.

[*Enter, at a distance, Host, and Julia in boy's clothes.*]

Ho. Now, my yong guest; me thinks your' allycholly; I pray you why is it?

Ju. Marry (mine *Host*) because I cannot be merry.

Ho. Come, we'll have you merry: ile bring you where you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that you ask'd for.

Ju. But shall I heare him speake.

Ho. I that you shall.

Ju. That will be Musique. [*Music plays.*]

Ho. Harke, harke.

Ju. Is he among these?

Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm.

Song. Who is Silvia? what is she?
That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, faire, and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
that she might admired be.
Is she kinde as she is faire?
For beauty lives with kindnesse:
Love doth to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindnesse:
And being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia, let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortall thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you sadder then you were before; How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not.

Ju. You mistake: the Musitian likes me not.

Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
Ju. He plaies false (father.)
Ho. How, out of tune on the strings.
Ju. Not so: but yet
So false that he grieves my very heart-strings.
Ho. You have a quicke eare.
Ju. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me have a slow heart.
Ho. I perceive you delight not in Musique.
Ju. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.
Ju. I: that change is the spight.
Ho. You would have them alwaies play but one thing.
Ju. I would alwaies have one play but one thing.
But Host, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,
Often resort unto this Gentlewoman?
Ho. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,
He lov'd her out of all nicke.[1]
[1] *tally*
Ju. Where is *Launce*?
Ho. Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his Masters command, hee must carry for a present to his Lady.
Ju. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.
Pro. Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will so pleade,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.
Th. Where meete we?
Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.
Th. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Thu. and Musicians. Enter Silvia above.*]

Pro. Madam: good ev'n to your Ladiship.
Sil. I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)
Who is that that spake?

Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.
Pro. Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Servant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compasse yours.
Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed:
Thou subtile, perjur'd, false, disloyall man:
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitlesse,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiv'd so many with thy vowes?
Returne, returne and make thy love amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)
I am so farre from granting thy request,
That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant (sweet love) that I did love a Lady,
But she is dead.
Iu. [*Aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speake it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that she be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
Survives; to whom (thy selfe art witnesse)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?
Pro. I likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And so suppose am I; for in her grave
Assure thy selfe, my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Goe to thy Ladies grave and call hers thence,
Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine.
Iul. [*Aside*] He heard not that.

116. *ber:* his–2-4F.

Pro. Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my love,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe:
For since the substance of your perfect selfe
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow, will I make true love.
Jul. [*Aside*] If'twere a substance you would sure deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadowes, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and ile send it:
And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches have ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne.

[*Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.*]

Jul. Host, will you goe?
Ho. By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus?*
Ho. Marry, at my house:
Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.
Jul. Not so: but it hath bin the longest night
That ere I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

Scœna Tertia.

[*The same.*]

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde:

Ther's some great matter she'ld employ me in.
Madam, Madam.

[*Enter Silvia above.*]

Sil. Who cals?
Eg. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladiships command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thousand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:
According to your Ladiships impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. Oh *Eglamoure*, thou art a Gentleman:
Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)
Valiant, wise, remorse-full, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare unto the banish'd *Valentine*:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very soule abhor'd.)
Thy selfe hast lov'd, and I have heard thee say
No griefe did ever come so neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-love dide,
Upon whose Grave thou vow'dst pure chastitie:
Sir *Eglamoure:* I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes aboad;
And for the waies are dangerous to passe,
I doe desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honor, I repose.
Urge not my fathers anger (*Eglamoure*)
But thinke upon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a most unholy match,

21. *abhor'd:* abhors–HANMER.

Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I doe desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pitty much your grievances,
Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,
I give consent to goe along with you,
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much, I wish all good befortune you.
When will you goe?
Sil. This evening comming.
Eg. Where shall I meete you?
Sil. At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,
Where I intend holy Confession.
Eg. I will not faile your Ladiship:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamoure*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

[*The same.*]

Enter Launce, Protheus, Julia, Silvia.

Lau. When a mans servant shall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy: one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I have taught him (even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog) I was sent to deliver him, as a present to Mistris *Silvia*, from my Master; and I came no sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her

44. *Wreaking:* Recking–Pope.

Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all companies: I would have (as one should say) one that takes upon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault upon me that he did; I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't: sure as I live he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge: Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, under the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (blesse the marke) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one) what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the third) hang him up (saies the Duke.) I having bin acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I)'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters would doe this for his Servant? nay, ile be sworne I have sat in the stockes, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise he had bin executed: I have stood on the Pillorie for Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had sufferd for't: thou think'st not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you serv'd me, when I tooke my leave of Madam *Silvia*: did not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'st thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a Gentlewomans farthingale? did'st thou ever see me doe such a tricke?

[*Enter Proteus and Julia.*]

Pro. *Sebastian* is thy name: I like thee well, 40
And will imploy thee in some service presently.

Ju. In what you please, ile doe what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.
[*To Launce*] How now you whor-son pezant,
Where have you bin these two dayes loytering?
La. Marry Sir, I carried Mistris *Silvia* the dogge you bad me.
Pro. And what saies she to my little Jewell?
La. Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tels you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.
Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?
La. No indeede did she not:
Here have I brought him backe againe.
Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?
La. I Sir, the other Squirrill was stolne from me
By the Hangmans boyes in the market place,
And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog
As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guift the greater.
Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
Or nere returne againe into my sight.
Away, I say: stayest thou to vexe me here;
[*Exit Launce.*]
A Slave, that still an end,[1] turnes me to shame:
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have neede of such a youth,
That can with some discretion doe my businesse:
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt;
But chiefely, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
Which (if my Augury deceive me not)
Witnesse good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.
Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*;
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

[1] *endlessly*

56. *Hangmans:* hangman–SINGER. 70. *thee:* thou–2-4F.

Jul. It seemes you lov'd not her, not leave her token:
She is dead belike?
Pro. Not so: I thinke she lives.
Jul. Alas.
Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas?
Jul. I cannot choose but pitty her.
Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pitty her?
Jul. Because, me thinkes that she lov'd you as well
As you doe love your Lady *Silvia*:
She dreames on him, that has forgot her love,
You doate on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pitty Love, should be so contrary:
And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.
Pro. Well: give her that Ring, and therewithall
This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,
I claime the promise for her heavenly Picture:
Your message done, hye home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitarie. [*Exit.*]
Jul. How many women would doe such a message?
Alas poore *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd
A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;
Alas, poore foole, why doe I pitty him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me,
Because I love him, I must pitty him.
This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy Messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtaine;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my Masters true confirmed Love,

74. *not leave:* to leave–2-4F. 78-9. *Why .. choose:* 1 l.–HANMER.
79-80. *but pitty .. pitty her:* 1 l.–HANMER.

But cannot be true servant to my Master,
Unlesse I prove false traitor to my selfe.
Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly,
As (heaven it knowes) I would not have him speed.

[*Enter Silvia attended.*]

Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane
To bring me where to speake with Madam *Silvia*.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I doe intreat your patience
To heare me speake the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my Master, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.
Sil. Oh: he sends you for a Picture?
Jul. I, Madam.
Sil. *Ursula*, bring my Picture there,
Goe, give your Master this: tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this Letter;
Pardon me (Madam) I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the Letter to your Ladiship.
Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.
Jul. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.
Sil. There, hold:
I will not looke upon your Masters lines:
I know they are stuft with protestations,
And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake
As easily as I doe teare his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring.
Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;

108. *woe:* woo (wooe)–2-4F.

For I have heard him say a thousand times,
His *Julia* gave it him, at his departure:
Though his false finger have prophan'd the Ring,
Mine shall not doe his *Julia* so much wrong.
Jul. She thankes you.
Sil. What sai'st.thou?
Jul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender[1] her:
Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.
Sil. Do'st thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.
To thinke upon her woes, I doe protest
That I have wept a hundred severall times.
Sil. Belike she thinks that *Protheus* hath forsook her?
Jul. I thinke she doth: and that's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing faire?
Jul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is,
When she did thinke my Master lov'd her well;
She, in my judgement, was as faire as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glasse,
And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away,
The ayre hath starv'd the roses in her cheekes,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as blacke as I.
Sil. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*,
When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the womans part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Julias* gowne,
Which served me as fit, by all mens judgements,
As if the garment had bin made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height,
And at that time I made her weepe a good,[2]
For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning

[1] *consider*
[2] *in earnest*

For *Thesus* perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my teares:
That my poore Mistris moved therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.
Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left;
I weepe my selfe to thinke upon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet Mistris sake, because thou lov'st her. Farewell. | [*Exit Silvia, with attendants.*]
Jul. And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know her. |
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull.
I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistris love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with it selfe:
Here is her Picture: let me see, I thinke
If I had such a Tyre,[1] this face of mine
Were full as lovely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Unlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.
Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*;
If that be all the difference in his love,
Ile get me such a coulour'd Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in my selfe?
If this fond Love, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rivall: O thou sencelesse forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;

[1] *head-dress*

179. *Farewell:* 1 l.–2-4F.

And were there sence in his Idolatry,
My substance should be statue[1] in thy stead. [1] *image*
Ile use thee kindly, for thy Mistris sake
That us'd me so: or else by *Jove*, I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my Master out of love with thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

[*Milan. An abbey.*]

Enter Eglamoure, Silvia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the westerne skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That *Silvia*, at Fryer *Patricks* Cell should meet me,
She will not faile; for Lovers breake not houres,
Unlesse it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes: Lady a happy evening.

[*Enter Silvia.*]

Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamoure*)
Out at the Posterne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by some Spies.
Egl. Feare not: the Forrest is not three leagues off,
If we recover that, we are sure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*The same. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Julia, Duke.

Th. Sir *Protheus*, what saies *Silvia* to my suit?
Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What? that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. Ile weare a Boote, to make it somewhat rounder. |

Pro. [*Jul. aside*] But love will not be spurd to what it loathes. |

Thu. What saies she to my face?

Pro. She saies it is a faire one.

Thu. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.

Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is, Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.

Thu. [*Jul. aside*] 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes, |
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace.

Jul. [*Aside*] But better indeede, when you hold you peace. |

Thu. What sayes she to my valour?

Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. [*Aside*] She needes not, when she knowes it cowardize. |

Thu. What saies she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. [*Aside*] True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.

Thu. Considers she my Possessions?

Pro. Oh, I: and pitties them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. [*Aside*] That such an Asse should owe[1] them.

Pro. That they are out by Lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

[1] *own*

20. *you:* your–3-4F.

[*Enter Duke.*]

Du. How now sir *Protheus*; how now *Thurio*?
Which of you saw *Eglamoure* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Du. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Du. Why then
She's fled unto that pezant, *Valentine*;
And *Eglamoure* is in her Company:
'Tis true: for Frier *Laurence* met them both
As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forrest:
Him he knew well: and guesd that it was she,
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Besides she did intend Confession
At *Patricks* Cell this even, and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meete with me
Upon the rising of the Mountaine foote
That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled:
Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.
Thu. Why this it is, to be a peevish Girle,
That flies her fortune when it followes her:
Ile after; more to be reveng'd on *Eglamoure*,
Then for the love of reck-lesse *Silvia*.
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvas* love
Then hate of *Eglamoure* that goes with her.
Jul. And I will follow, more to crosse that love
Then hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. *Exeunt.*

34. *saw Eglamoure:* saw Sir Eglamour–3-4F.

Scena Tertia.

[*The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.*]

Silvia, Out-lawes.

1. *Out.* Come, come be patient:
We must bring you to our Captaine.
Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Have learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run us.
But *Moyses* and *Valerius* follow him:
Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,
There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape.
1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our Captains cave.
Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,
And will not use a woman lawlesly.
Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scœna Quarta.

[*Another part of the forest.*]

Enter Valentine, Protheus, Silvia, Julia, Duke, Thurio, Out-lawes.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man?
This shadowy desart, unfrequented woods
I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:
Here can I sit alone, un-seene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes

3-4. *be .. Captaine:* 1 l.–Pope.

Tune my distrestes, and record[1] my woes. [1] *sing*
O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,
Leave not the Mansion so long Tenant-lesse,
Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was,
Repaire me, with thy presence, *Silvia*:
Thou gentle Nimph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine.
What hallowing, and what stir is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chace;
They love me well: yet I have much to doe
To keepe them from uncivill outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?

[*Enter Protéus, Silvia, and Julia.*]

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour, and your love,
Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:
(A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And lesse then this, I am sure you cannot give.)

Val. [*Aside*] How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare: |
Love, lend me patience to forbeare a while.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am.

Pro. Unhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
But by my comming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. [*Aside*] And me, when he approcheth to your presence. |

Sil. Had I beene ceazed by a hungry Lion,

9. *distrestes:* distresses–2-4F.

I would have beene a break-fast to the Beast,
Rather then have false *Protheus* reskue me:
Oh heaven be judge how I love *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe detest false perjur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death
Would I not undergoe, for one calme looke:
Oh 'tis the curse in Love, and still approv'd
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.
Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love, where he's belov'd:
Read over *Julia's* heart, (thy first best Love)
For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,
Descended into perjury, to love me,
Thou hast no faith left now, unlesse thou'dst two,
And that's farre worse then none: better have none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.
Pro. In Love,
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but *Protheus*.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder forme;
Ile wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of Love: force ye.
Sil. Oh heaven.
Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my desire.
Val. Ruffian: let goe that rude uncivill touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.
Pro. *Valentine*.
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now: treacherous man,

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perswaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me:
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
Is perjured to the bosome? *Protheus*
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
The private wound is deepest: oh time, most accurst:
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?
Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me:
Forgive me *Valentine:* if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,
I tender't heere: I doe as truely suffer,
As ere I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once againe, I doe receive thee honest;
Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:
By Penitence th'Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
And that my love may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in *Silvia*, I give thee.
Jul. Oh me unhappy. [*Swoons.*]
Pro. Looke to the Boy.
Val. Why, Boy?
Why wag: how now? what's the matter? look up: speak.
Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam *Silvia*: which (out of my neglect) was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring? boy?
Jul. Heere 'tis: this is it.
Pro. How? let me see.
Why this is the ring I gave to *Julia*.
Jul. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I have mistooke:
This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this unto *Julia*.
Jul. And *Julia* her selfe did give it me,
And *Julia* her selfe hath brought it hither.
Pro. How? *Julia*?
Jul. Behold her, that gave ayme to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deepely in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the roote?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush.
Be thou asham'd that I have tooke upon me,
Such an immodest rayment; if shame live
In a disguise of love?
It is the lesser blot modesty findes,
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.
Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heven, were man
But Constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'sins;
Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins:
What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Julia's*, with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pitty two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Beare witnes (heaven) I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

[*Enter Outlaws with Duke ana Thurio.*]

Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.
Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished *Valentine*.
Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.
Val. *Thurio* give backe; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure[1] of my wrath:
Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once againe,
Verona shall not hold thee: heere she stands,
Take but possession of her, with a Touch:
I dare thee, but to breath upon my Love.
Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a foole that will endanger
His Body, for a Girle that loves him not:
I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such meanes[2] for her, as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empresse love:
Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new state in thy un-rival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.
Val. I thank your Grace, the gift hath made me happy:
I now beseech you (for your daughters sake)
To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.
Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:
They are reformed, civill, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)
Duke. Thou hast prevaild, I pardon them and thee:

[1] *reach*
[2] *efforts*

Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.
Come, let us goe, we will include all jarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)
Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.
Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.
Duke. What meane you by that saying?
Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned:
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare
The story of your Loves discovered.
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Silvia.
Valentine. } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus. }
Anthonio: father to Protheus.
Thurio: a foolish rivall to Valentine.
Eglamoure: Agent for Silvia in her escape.
Host: where Julia lodges.
Out-lawes with Valentine.
Speed: a clownish servant to Valentine.
Launce: the like to Protheus.
Panthion: servant to Antonio.
Julia: beloved of Protheus.
Silvia: beloved of Valentine.
Lucetta: waighting-woman to Julia.

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